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CONTEMPORARY COMMENTARY

*This is the third of a series of contributions
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SCHOOLS AND THE STATE

BY MICHAEL CHISHOLM

THE Standard-of-Living Stakes is being run, and every country of the world is entered in the lists. To fall behind, to lose the race, is represented as an affront to national dignity and a threat to the very existence of our society. Everything must be devoted to keeping up with Uncle Sam and ahead of the mammoth Russian Bear, whose old lurching gait has recently been transformed into a confident, raking stride. And the Soviet successes in space rocketry have left us gasping with amazement; if we do not pull ourselves together there will be no harvest for us to garner. Therefore, so this line of thought runs, our salvation lies in more and better education, especially technical and scientific education, which alone will enable this country to remain in the race.

This argument is false and dangerous: false because falling behind in the race only means a slower rate of increase of the standard of living than in other countries, not an absolute decline, and there is nothing very worrying in that. Britain is no longer a great power, and the sooner we give up our pretensions of so being, the sooner will we recognise that whatever rate of economic growth we achieve will have but small effect upon our already diminished influence in the world. Before we can begin to be sensible about educational needs and problems, we must set aside the myth that we are competing in a race and that failure to keep up means ruin.

Much heart-searching is in progress, much questioning and discussion regarding numerous aspects of school, technical college and university education. Some of this pertains to essentially immediate matters, such as the provision of adequate buildings, laboratories and playing fields. Other difficulties are more permanent and harder to resolve, notably the selection of children for different types of education, the training of adequate numbers of teachers and the status of the teaching profession. More nearly fundamental is the question of central government subventions to local authorities for financing all forms of education, since this raises the issue of the rôle of the State in providing for the education of the citizens within its jurisdiction. But even this matter has not been discussed in radical terms, since the bone of contention has been the manner of central govern-

ment finance for an educational system which most take for granted. And yet the next decade or so will see widespread changes in the educational system in this country, changes which in all probability will set the pattern of things to come for many a year hence. It is far from certain that the structure which is being built with such haste and zealous care will really provide us with what we want in twenty years' time. Indeed, the emerging organisation is already outmoded and irrelevant.

Popular attitudes to government intervention generally, and with respect to education in particular, are in large measure based upon circumstances which have ceased to exist. Until the beginning of the last century, educational opportunity was a closely guarded preserve, open only to those who, fortunate in their material circumstances, could be paid for by their father, or being poor but able were lucky enough to enter a benevolent institution. For the vast majority, it was not possible to get a foot even on to the first rung of the educational ladder. And it was plain to see that the freedom accorded to the few effectively denied liberty to the mass. So, along with the struggle to reform Parliament, control the use of child labour and redress other social ills went the battle for educational opportunities. Charities and individual action could not meet the need, the working people were too poor to provide their own facilities, and therefore Parliament had to step in. Given the circumstances of the last century, State action, however inadequate, was the only way in which the urgent and general need for education could be met, and a whole series of Acts has been passed extending and consolidating the activities of government in the provision of education. A culminating point was reached in 1944, with the abolition of fees at local authority schools and other far-reaching changes.

The conditions of poverty and ignorance which formerly made State interference in education quite essential have now largely disappeared. Since the middle of the last century, there has been a rapid rise in the material standards of living for the great majority of the populace, notwithstanding the misery and hardships of the Great Depression. Though another slump is a continual preoccupation of economists and politicians, it does appear that the experience of the 1930's, the teachings of Keynes and the scope now open for government control of the economy combine to render very unlikely another Jarrow hunger-march. In other words, the room which most families now possess for manoeuvre, on account of a higher material standard of living, is immeasurably greater than hitherto, and with this goes a wider area within which real choices can be made. At the same time, a reasonable minimum level of education has become available to practically everyone, and nobody need fail to go as high as he can merely for want of opportunity. Our society has become literate very rapidly, and we are still grappling with the problems which this fact poses. But one thing which should be plain for all to see is that, although comics and magazines form a staple reading diet for many, the opportunity is now much greater than ever before to acquire knowledge and ideas. With this opportunity goes an increased possibility for making choices rationally, of deciding between alternatives in a sensible fashion.

I do not want to argue that ultimately everyone will be able wisely to choose. This proposition is palpably untrue. There is a certain proportion of persons who, for congenital and environmental reasons, will never be sufficiently responsible and stable to conduct themselves in a manner conducive to their own best interests and to those of their dependants. My contention is solely that the increase in prosperity and educational achievement has already vastly expanded the area within which individuals are able effectively to choose, and their ability to choose wisely. The process will undoubtedly go further in the future. Surely it is indisputable that so far as it is possible, compatible with other aims, the freest rein should be given to this new ability of the majority to choose for itself, and this belief forms one part of the platform from which I want to examine the rôle of government in education.

But first another impeding shibboleth must be removed. Socialists have long been wedded to a belief in 'equality'; the doctrine has in recent years been metamorphosed into the concept of equality of opportunity, wherein the educational system has a key part to play. Even in this guise, the concept looks somewhat thin: on the one hand, the trade unions will have none of it, and persist in countenancing restrictive practices; on the other, the Labour Party policy statement on education, *Learning to Live*, states in unequivocal terms that "if, in addition to paying his rates and taxes, he [any citizen] wishes to buy private education, he cannot in a free country be prevented from so doing." The right of an individual to spend his money as he thinks fit is generally accepted, once taxes and other imposts have been levied, and logically there is no reason why such freedom should specifically exclude education. After all, educational opportunity can be bought without purchasing a school place; two children of equal innate capacity and possessing similar traits of character, attending the same school, may have different real opportunities owing to the fact that the parents of one are interested in learning, possess books, travel abroad and hold sensible converse, whereas the other may be deprived of these advantages. Equality, even of opportunity, is a bag of gold at the rainbow's end: it does not exist, and it cannot.

Much liberty has been sacrificed on the altar of equality. The votive offerings continue, and the time has come to pause and take stock, to query whether they are warranted and desirable. In the extreme case, liberty denies equality and equality denies liberty. Our problem is to steer a middle course between the monster Scylla and the all-devouring whirlpool Charybdis, to strike a just balance between equality and liberty. For reasons which have already been adduced, the course ought to be shifted, and shifted decidedly, towards individual liberty.

There are three main counts in the indictment of the present organisation of education. First, though parental wishes are nominally allowed for, in practice the majority of parents are gainsaid much effective voice in the choice of school to which their son or daughter will be sent. Second, the extent of government intervention is far greater than is necessary, as the same ends could be achieved with much less direct government action. Third, if parents wish to opt out of the State system and have their offspring

educated privately, then the expense, on top of the existing rate of taxation, is often prohibitive, especially if several children are involved. In principle, there is nothing to distinguish this from opting out of any service, since most taxes are not earmarked for specific purposes, and pacifists pay taxes partly used for defence needs. Although involving no distinction in principle, choosing to have one's children educated privately does bring in a marked difference of degree. There are no indirect benefits from the existence of a State service, such as defence, which are not being used or supported; there are currently considerable numbers of people who do elect for private education (approximately seven per cent of the school population is outside the State system) and if the chance were available no doubt the number would increase; and the expense of opting out is often considerable. There are, therefore, good reasons why people who choose private education for their children should not be unduly penalised.

Let us, then, begin by making minimum assumptions, and from these build up a concept of how education ought to be provided. Our point of departure is the proposition that the State has a legitimate interest in ensuring at least a minimum level of attainment for all citizens within its confines. That the State does have this interest arises from a number of considerations. The administration of regulations affecting innumerable facets of ordinary life would become impossible or very costly if large numbers of people were illiterate, and so there is a substantial social gain over and above the private advantage which arises from being able to read and write. Likewise, in a representative democracy such as ours, the electorate should be informed and therefore be able to come to independent conclusions on those issues which are important in deciding who should govern, and education is of key importance in this respect. Therefore, it is entirely reasonable to start from the assumption that the State has an interest in seeing that universal education is provided, and presumably compulsorily for a fixed span of years. However, this is a far cry from the position that government must itself provide the educational facilities. This only becomes necessary if it can be shown that no satisfactory alternative exists; in fact, there is such an alternative.

At the moment, central and local government expenditure on school education is directed towards the provision of free places, to which children are sent without any payment being directly incurred by the parents. Suppose that instead of spending the money in this fashion, the same sum were divided among the pupils, and paid to the schools as vouchers in lieu of fees. If costs remain constant, the level of tax and rate income required to sustain the educational service would remain unchanged, and those parents currently receiving free tuition for their offspring would continue without the need for payment. But, if all schools were made fee-paying, and if all children received vouchers of the same value, whether or not they were currently attending a privately owned school, then the consequences of this reform would be radical. Before examining the effects of the proposed system, I will elaborate some of the salient features.

Two cardinal pillars of the system are first that all schools should be fee-paying, and second that all children should be eligible for a voucher

which would be paid direct to the school attended by the child, the voucher being worth approximately the average cost of educating a child under the existing State system. Having all schools fee-paying could mean either that all would become privately owned, or that the position which existed before 1944 would be re-established, whereby local authority schools charged fees. There are good reasons for arguing that the latter situation is the one to aim at. Monopoly is likely to arise in sparsely populated and remote rural districts and, though improvement in transport and communications is reducing the significance of this problem by enabling children to travel further and further afield to reach school, there would be the possibility of monopoly pricing, and some form of public control or ownership of such schools would be necessary. But monopoly may arise in another form, in respect of handicapped and educationally subnormal children. The number of such unfortunate youngsters per 1,000 of school age is not very large, and therefore a considerable population is required to support a school specially equipped to cope with them. Thus, there is likely to be a fairly widespread occurrence of local monopoly in the provision of certain special facilities, and to prevent proprietors from taking advantage of this situation, public control or ownership of such establishments would be necessary. And there is another reason in equity why some schools should remain in government hands. We began from the proposition that the State has a legitimate interest in seeing that everyone is educated, and this assumes that some compulsion may be necessary. If there is compulsion, then a guarantee is essential that there will be a school within reasonable distance to which the child can go. This lays an obligation upon government to ensure that school places are available for everyone, and means that facilities must be provided for all who cannot, or will not, go to a privately owned establishment. For these reasons, I do not propose that all schools should become privately owned, but only that all schools should become fee-paying. In practice, a large number would remain in the hands of the local authorities, or some other bodies constituted for the purpose.

Regarding the value of the vouchers, they should fully cover the cost of providing the currently accepted minimum standard of education. If we take the existing average cost of tuition under the State system, then we would assign a value to the vouchers which will fully cover the cost of this minimum level of instruction and leave something to spare. Approximately £30 is the annual cost of a primary pupil and £45 that of a secondary school child. By making these vouchers available to all children attending school, the cost of the educational service met from public funds would be increased once and for all, by roughly seven per cent, being the proportion of school-age children who at the moment do not attend State establishments. This is not an enormous additional burden to be borne by taxation, and in any case it might very well be made good in part at least by taxes levied on the extra earnings people would be willing to make in order to finance the education of their children, a point to which I will return later. If, as is likely, a reasonable number of schools were to remain in public ownership, then adequate cost accounts could readily be kept to

form the basis for periodical reviews of the values of the vouchers, a most important consideration in this period of apparently chronic inflation.

Another major element of the proposed voucher system is that, apart from the obligation of government to provide a sufficiency of places at the minimum acceptable standard, all schools would be free to charge fees in excess of the value of the vouchers. The difference would be made up by the parents. In this fashion, there would be a wide gradation, from an extra £5 a year up to £300 or more. For many families, the difference between having to pay nothing or £40 a year is too great, and they must perforce be content with the local authority school. Under the voucher system, the difference payable by the family may be only £5 or £10, and within their means.

There is one important proviso: the vouchers would only be available for schools which met certain basic requirements in quality of facilities and standard of attainment by the pupils. They would not be valid for any Old Dame school around the corner, housed in an inadequate private dwelling and run by staff of low calibre. These powers of inspection already exist, and the machinery has recently been brought into being for the surveillance of all privately-owned schools. There would be, therefore, no difficulty about ensuring that suitable standards were maintained, especially with the existence of nationally organised and accepted examinations such as we already have.

Schools have as much right in selecting their pupils as parents have in deciding which schools their children should attend. This does of course raise the thorny issue of selection, more especially as the very idea of selection is anathema to so many people. It would mean, in effect, that schools would be free to set entrance examinations and conduct interviews in the process of deciding whom to take. Parents would be free to enter their children for those schools they liked and for which their offspring stood a reasonable chance. Children who could not enter for these schools, or who failed to get in, would be able to attend the publicly-owned establishments which it is obligatory upon society to provide.

One other detail ought to be added. There is no difficulty in principle or practice in having scholarships available for very able children from humble backgrounds, so that they could benefit from schooling at really first-rate institutions. This does in fact now happen, with local authorities reserving a certain number of places in privately owned schools, and there is no reason why a similar system should not apply under the voucher method of organising education. In this way, opportunity would not be barred for the bright boy or girl from a poor home.

A first reaction to the idea of financing education through vouchers may well be one of disbelief in its practicability. But in this country the method is already applied in part—to university education. Any student who wins a place or scholarship and qualifies for a local authority or Ministry of Education award will receive financial help unless his parents have an income above a certain level; some money is paid direct to the student as a subsistence allowance and a further sum is paid direct to the institution he attends to cover fees. The latter item is in no way different from a

voucher, save that the amount paid in fees varies from individual to individual according to the university he attends and the course of study being pursued. The idea of a subvention to the university in respect of particular persons is identical to the idea embodied in the voucher system. The would-be student has full freedom in choosing his university, and the university in selecting whom to take, with only one caveat; some local authorities, wishing to foster a local university, make awards conditional upon attending that particular centre of learning. Discrimination is also exercised against certain universities running four-year courses, such as the University College of North Staffordshire. Though no one will claim that the mechanics of the system always work perfectly, or deny that the rapid increase in numbers knocking at the door is imposing a severe strain upon the process of selection, nevertheless the existing principle is generally accepted. The Netherlands provides another example of the actual operation of the voucher system to school education; in essentials, the system actually operated is the same as that which I am advocating, and in general the Dutch seem to be well satisfied with it.

Nor is this the first time that the voucher system has been advocated for Britain. In particular, I owe much to Mr. Jack Wiseman, who read a paper to the British Association in 1958; starting from somewhat different premises, regarding the optimum economic allocation of resources, he arrives at the same general conclusion. An identical proposition has been made, though in much less detail, in Professor Alan Peacock's "Welfare in the Liberal State", in *The Unservile State*, edited by George Watson (Allen & Unwin, 1957). The source and spring, from which I too have imbibed, is Milton Friedman's "The Rôle of the Government in Education" in *Economics and the Public Interest*, edited by Robert Solo (1955). Thus, while I can lay no claim to originality, yet if my plea be regarded as a voice in the wilderness, then at least my solitude is shared with some kindred liberal spirits.

What are the advantages which a voucher system would confer? And what the disadvantages? On the credit side, it will be seen that the area of choice open to parents in deciding how their offspring should be educated would be greatly increased. Even if they could not afford to pay the fees (from which the value of the voucher would be deducted) of the most expensive schools, there would still be a whole range of possibilities among privately and publicly owned establishments, descending to the point at which the fees were as low as the value of the vouchers. On the other hand, a large number of schools would have greater freedom in the selection of their pupils. There would be a net gain in liberty, and a large gain.

Secondly, the area of State activity, whether represented by central or local government, would be curtailed. From a liberal standpoint, good cause must be shown why government ought to intervene, and everyone who sympathises with this view will regard it as an undoubted gain if government activity can be reduced without harmful repercussions. Closely related to this is a devolution of responsibilities, especially upon parents. The opportunity will be provided for parents to work or save, even if it

is but in modest degree, to enable their children to go to a particular school they desire. This directly creates an incentive to effort—and what matter if it be selfish, and are not most motives when carefully examined? Most parents have high ambitions for their sons and daughters, and the voucher system provides a practical way in which these entirely laudable feelings can be harnessed and put to good effect. At the same time, there would be a positive encouragement to associate privileges and responsibilities, in the sense that parents have the privilege of rearing children in a socially accepted family framework, but also a responsibility to do their best by them. It is not good enough to feel they can hand over all obligation to educate their offspring. One often hears of well-meaning couples who complain bitterly that their son is not disciplined at school, while he rampages about the house and they lift never a finger to control him. The idea that responsibilities are divided between the home and school, the former to feed and clothe, the latter to teach and discipline, must not be allowed to grow. By encouraging parents to participate more fully in the rearing of their children from infancy to adulthood, there may be an incidental effect which will go some way to meeting the increase in expenditure out of public funds which was mentioned earlier. With the incentive of bettering their children's future, parents' taxable income may rise, thereby increasing the tax yield and helping to finance the outlay on the seven per cent of children now outside the State system.

Perhaps of even greater significance is the creation of a direct link between the receipt of privilege and the responsibilities which are attendant upon that privilege. This is to say that a boy's father may be responsible for providing some part of the school fees, and how much easier it will be for the lad to feel some sense of obligation to him than it will ever be to the all-generous "they" who now foot the entire bill. And a feeling of obligation, of debt, is a very salutary experience, a most necessary part of social training; anything which will help to foster it is desirable, while cultivation of the belief in 'rights' unattended by responsibilities is to be deplored.

Lastly, a much greater degree of flexibility will be introduced, and opportunity provided for experiment. No longer will a whole local authority have to be convinced of the desirability of particular reforms or new methods, but the way will be open for pioneering on a small scale. The importance of this is often overlooked in Britain. A backward country, striving hard to catch up, can afford to take over techniques and lessons, suitably modified, from the more advanced nations, and apply them in a planned fashion. The direction of development is clearly mapped out for decades ahead, and any infringement of liberty resulting from planning is likely to be small compared with the consequent increase in liberty, as poverty renders nugatory most ideas of freedom. However, Britain is one of the nations in the forefront of development, particularly in ideas, and being in the van we do not know at all clearly the direction in which development will take us, except for very short periods of time ahead. One of our main functions in the world is to experiment, and this as much in the educational field as any other. This is not to advocate experiment

for its own sake. But the way ought to be easy for experiment as and when it becomes necessary or desirable. Likewise, we cannot afford to have foisted on us for doctrinaire political reasons a whole bevy of untried comprehensive schools; a longer period of trial and adaptation than the Labour Party is willing to vouchsafe ought to be permitted before they begin to spring up like mushrooms. The voucher system would remove the risk.

As for the alleged disadvantages, they are basically three: the purchase of privilege, disruption of social harmony and monopoly. Of the last, monopoly, enough has already been said to show that public ownership or control of some schools will be necessary to obviate the danger, so that there are only two general objections to deal with. The voucher system would entail the purchase of privilege, but only one particular kind of privilege. Wealthy people have the facility to buy special goods and services denied to others, and if exception be taken to this general advantage, then the remedy lies in controlling the source of income—notably by taxation. Once taxes have been levied and rates paid, people should be at liberty to spend their income as they please.

The second objection, that of the disruption of social harmony, will bear no more examination than the first. The argument is that minorities—mostly of a religious nature—will set up their own schools and that the general social cohesion will disintegrate into factional fights. We already have our Catholic and Quaker schools, and there is no evidence to show that these produce social bigots and misfits. After all, the religious differences are super-imposed upon a broad base of commonly accepted belief and experience. Alternatively, a society which cannot live with its differences—so long as sedition and revolution are not being fomented—really has no *raison d'être*. So this is surely a challenge to our tolerance and good sense, and not a cause for running away.

In conclusion, a few words may be said on steps which could be taken towards implementing the proposed voucher scheme. First, the central government subvention to local authorities in respect of education should be put on a *per caput* basis, varying in proportion to the number of children receiving education in State schools. Subsequently, the level of grants could be raised, until the Exchequer was bearing practically the full cost of school tuition. When that stage had been reached, the financing of schools could be altered, so that the budget available for each was directly related to the number of pupils: in other words, the *per caput* system of payments would be extended down the hierarchy, and the ground thus prepared for the introduction of vouchers. When this occurred, fees would become payable. In this fashion, it would be possible to introduce the system by stages, giving time for adjustment and the acquisition of experience. Furthermore, it might be possible to introduce the system in a few selected areas before venturing to apply it generally. However, these are administrative problems of procedure, and they do not affect the principle which is being set out here, which would establish a system of education better adapted to the present and prospective requirements of a liberal society than anything we have.

A COMMENT

BY PETER WILES

Fellow of New College, Oxford

TEACHING economics in the U.S.A., I met for the first time that group of fanatical and cantankerous men, the Chicago School. Unlike the Mont Pèlerin Society, their European counterpart, they are entirely familiar with modern economics, and indeed make distinguished contributions to it. Yet their watchword is absolutely free competition. Is Britain in balance-of-payments difficulties? Devalue the pound. Do underdeveloped countries want industrial growth? Then it must be natural; the 'Infant-industry' argument for tariffs is bogus. Education? But if it is paid for by the State you will get too much of it, as of any other subsidised commodity.

People like this question every single aspect of government intervention. I well remember the stages of my reaction to them: incredulity (surely my ears betrayed me?), amusement (ah well, it takes all sorts . . .), exasperation (dash it, he obviously isn't a moron, why must he keep on saying these things?), the moment of panic (my goodness, what *is* the answer to him?), and finally respect, tempered by a firm disagreement based on the deeper insights that attack has stimulated. Mr. Chisholm's proposal is a horse from the Chicago stable (sired, as he says, by the School's chief ornament, Professor Milton Friedman); and, like the others, I do not think it will run.

Take first the quantitative aspect. Mr. Chisholm seems to imply that his proposal will lead to less education when, in his opening paragraph, he denounces competitive co-existence and the economic cold war, and tells us Britain must retire from these races. In its context, this can only mean that he feels that somehow his scheme will lower the supply of technologists. Does this matter? I feel passionately that it does. The Communist-ruled population of the world is 1,000 million, and it will not let up in order that Britain may sleep. The population of the U.S.A. is only 170 million. She cannot bear the burden of armaments and aid alone; yet if we do not stand by her, who will? It is true we are not a great power or a large nation, and if our example counted for nothing our statistical weight would be small. But it is a queer army in which the smaller units are told they may run away, because the big battalions to right and left will hold firm. Will they? What about our effect on their morale? Why should the Americans continue to provide foreign aid if we do not? Moreover, in this particular army we happen to be, however small, the second biggest battalion. What, too, about duty as such? If all these considerations of expediency could be dismissed, surely plain morality would still require of us our maximum effort, not merely to hold Communism at bay, but quite simply to abolish poverty as an end in itself. In this context, that means a well educated population in general and more technologists in particular.

To be fair to the voucher scheme, whatever its advocates say of it, it will not alter the quantity of education. It is not a full *laissez-faire* scheme: parents would still not have to find the money; or rather they would, most

of them, be for the first time in a position to *increase* the total expenditure on education, and they would surely do so. But whether this happened or not, all talk of tailoring the volume of education to consumer demand is surely entirely out of place on the lips of an advocate of the voucher scheme. Both Mr. Chisholm here, and Mr. Wiseman in the article cited, begin on this note. But in fact the State decides the value of the vouchers, and no proposal is made to abolish truancy officers or alter the school-entering and -leaving ages. Moreover, technical and higher education are supplied on these principles more or less as it is, that is they are voluntary and largely financed by government grants *ad hominem*. So the quantity of them would not change either.

Indeed the question poses itself, should technical and higher education be voluntary? Can the Britain of 1958 afford "early leaving" any more than that of 1858 could afford illiteracy? However illiberal it is, we may yet be tempted to conscript good brains, even as today we force the three Rs on every citizen. That, however, is something even the Chinese have not yet done, and we must leave it aside. We may also close here the general discussion on the quantity of education—on a note of re-assurance, for despite Mr. Chisholm's own pessimism as to the results and his cynical acceptance of the further consequences, it does not appear that quantity would suffer at any level.

The scheme's qualitative effects would be more interesting and disagreeable. For the basic assumption is that parents will choose rationally on the whole, and—which is not the same thing—in the general interest. I believe that their choice would be neither, and hold that there is excellent evidence for this view. Consider the existing situation. The voucher system is not in force, but very many parents, more perhaps than in any other country, nevertheless buy private education out of their own means. What grounds sway them and what, in the economist's jargon, are their "revealed preferences"? They are, in order of magnitude:

1. Snobbery;
2. Roman Catholicism;
3. A better education than the State provides;
4. An experimental education of one sort or another.

I place (3) as low as it is because it is notorious that the grant-aided grammar schools give a better education than, to put it very mildly, one half of the private schools catering for the same age-group. Admittedly, this is not a perfect indication of parents' state of mind: many who send their children to bad public (private) schools may be convinced they would not have got into a good grammar school, and some may even have tried. But *per contra* many parents of children at the really great public schools have made their financial sacrifice for snobbery's sake, and the better education is an uncovenanted benefit. No fair-minded person with a wide middle-class acquaintance can deny that snobbery is the main motive.

Such, then, is the strength of the motives influencing parental choice, where choice is at present exercised. Introduce the educational voucher, and what new motives will be uncovered? Or would the hierarchy of existing ones be unchanged? It is by our guesses at these questions that the

voucher scheme stands or falls. It is my own guess that the presently revealed motivation of the rich is just the same as the motivation that vouchers would reveal among the poor. In other words I predict that: (a) the remaining one third of Roman Catholic children would be withdrawn into schools of that denomination—to this point we must return; (b) there would be a proliferation of schools covertly promising to exclude working-class children, and appealing to the lower-paid salariat, small shopkeepers and small farmers; (c) there would indeed be more competition to provide a better education, but at this lower level and unrestrained by tradition it would be competition in passing examinations. In other words there would be more cramming, but not very much more real education. A lot of effort, too, would go in "diction" classes: hours would be spent in refining children's accents. One new parental motive might indeed become apparent. This is: (d) the national or racial motive. We must expect a number of schools confined to orthodox Jews, recent Irish immigrants, the London Welsh, Jamaicans, and so on. To this also we shall return.

A not very attractive picture, but surely not overdrawn. *Un père de famille est capable de tout*: parents simply are not very nice people, and this is a fact which must be accepted and acted upon. How many liberal-minded parents today use "public" schools because they feel they ought not to foist their own prejudices on their children? Let us freely admit that until a public opinion poll has sifted the matter, and research revealed the particular pressure groups that would in fact come into play on the introduction of the voucher scheme, we really cannot be sure. But common observation suggests that the above four changes would be the principal ones. Personally I can only see even the potentiality of change for the better in (c).

Two of these changes merit further consideration. First, do we want all Roman Catholic, and probably many other children, taught in schools of their own denomination? This issue must be faced squarely. Quakers are an exceptionally tolerant sect, but I cannot agree that "there is no evidence to show that [Catholic] schools produce social bigots and misfits"—though to be sure "misfits" is not quite the right word. It seems to me that Roman Catholicism has within it the seeds of intolerance on many points. *A priori* one must suppose that the education of Catholics in general schools puts a brake on these tendencies, and a premium on more accommodating though equally orthodox interpretations of dogma. A field, this, for empirical research like any other. My view might be wrong, but it is a reasonable one and commonly held, and should be shown to be wrong before a voucher scheme becomes acceptable.

The Dutch example is very illuminating here. Holland is of all European countries the one most ludicrously riven by sectarian differences. There is a Catholic, a Protestant and a Socialist broadcasting system; the very hockey teams are divided into these groups. *Apartheid* in education is of course the foundation of the whole set-up, and the voucher scheme was specifically introduced to make it workable. Do we want to be riven by sectarian differences? Mr. Chisholm sets out rather strong arguments for

not minding: "a society which cannot live with its differences really has no *raison d'être*". Very possibly: but it surely follows that society must see that its differences do not grow to that point. Perhaps if the prospective sectarian beneficiaries of the scheme were all tolerant—which they are not—he might be right. But even so I find it hard to swallow.

Mention of *apartheid* brings us to its more normal connotation, the racial or national. The Chicago School, as believers in *homo economicus*, are not strong on sociology, and I find Mr. Friedman's views on segregation complicated and improbable.* They are that under the existing set-up in U.S.A. segregation can only be tackled globally, say by absolute prohibition overall (surely not: it can be and is being tackled county by county, and even within counties it only affects schools in mixed localities); while under the voucher system Negroes in Negro-majority areas would have more purchasing power and benefit by the economies of scale, whereas whites would have to pay high fees for equally good segregated schools, and tend to use the Negro ones. But again surely not: the whites, like upper-class Englishmen, would find it well worth while to find the extra money out of their own pockets, and anyway, Negro-majority areas are only found in the deepest Deep South where voluntary desegregation is unthinkable. The simple and obvious view is correct, that vouchers are the segregationist's dream.

Liberals object to racial *apartheid*. They applaud the Supreme Court's decision of May 31st, 1955, which made the provision of "separate but equal" public education unconstitutional. Indeed they hardly ask whether that decision was good law (a very dubious point), or whether the use of so much compulsion is compatible with liberalism. Further, they actively support resistance to South African *apartheid*, in the schools and elsewhere. But the voucher scheme is tailor-made for *apartheid*, and we cannot have it both ways. Were Britain today a society racially quite homogeneous, or at any rate devoid of racial tensions, and were it plainly immune from such tensions in the future, we might without inconsistency support vouchers at home and oppose them abroad. But of course there is no such homogeneity and will be no such immunity. Quite the contrary, the future promises us a considerable coloured immigration, and the recent past provides us with much we are happy to forget. Therefore the voucher scheme must be condemned on this ground alone.

Liberalism is not or should not be a doctrine of complete freedom. Liberal governments have not hesitated in the past to intervene where the consumer is irrational. One thinks particularly of alcohol, which they have heavily taxed and restricted in this country against the resistance of all other parties and despite much loss of popularity. The issue here is not insobriety but intolerance and snobbery. It is entirely wrong to say that these things cannot be legislated against; as is shown by the success of our own temperance laws, or of the State laws against the colour bar in, say, New York. Compulsory tolerance is certainly more liberal than freedom of intolerance. It so happens that historical accident has given us

* As reported to me by Messrs. Wiseman and Chisholm: I have not been able to consult the original text.

an educational system which makes tolerance compulsory. The system is all-embracing in Scotland, leaving only a small margin of private schools for the experimental, the sectarian and the very rich: a desirable margin, insuring us against the rigidities and tyrannies a hundred per cent State system might fall prey to. In the rest of the kingdom there is already too much scope for snobbery and intolerance, and one might well argue for a shrinkage of the private educational field, under adequate safeguards of quality in the State system. It was, no doubt, hardly our forefathers' intention to compel people to mix, but rather to ensure that the basic minimum schooling necessary for citizenship should be received by the children of the poorest and most improvident parents. But in so doing they did set up a system of "compulsory tolerance" which we have all come to accept. In our classrooms the children of Jamaicans, Jews, lorry-drivers and railway clerks, even if not always of Roman Catholics and merchant bankers, do sit side by side. Surely this heritage is very precious.

THE CYPRUS AGREEMENT

EVEN from the Greek and the Greek Cypriot point of view, the Zurich agreement on Cyprus signed in London is possibly the best solution that could be reached. But the Greco-Turk rapprochement which led to it is less the "miracle" which Sir Hugh Foot conceived it to be, or "the victory for all" as the British Prime Minister described it, than the outcome of various pressures exerted by or upon the Powers principally concerned in what had become an impossible situation. Firstly the American State Department, which had for so long sustained the anger of the Greeks by its incomprehensible neutralist attitude over the Cyprus issue, appearing even to favour the Turks and side with Britain, had lately begun to apply moral pressure on Ankara. With the deterioration of the Middle East position, accentuated by the revolt in Iraq and the collapse of the original Baghdad Pact, the vital Eastern Mediterranean area, with its geographical proximity to the land, sea and air routes of three continents, seemed ripe for Russian adventures in the eyes of Washington and Ankara.

Turkey, already apprehensive over her isolation from her two former partners in the Balkan Tripartite Pact—killed or put in a state of coma by the Cyprus quarrel with Greece—was forced by Middle East events to regard the developing situation as potentially menacing. In fact, with the new Arab alignments and the renewed pressure by the Soviet Union on Persia, together with Russia's growing influence in the Yemen and Egypt, the Turks felt themselves completely isolated and encircled. Faced with internal economic disaster, despite the unending flow of American dollars, the Turkish leaders felt that the time had come to face international realities. Compared to being swallowed up by Russia Cyprus was small meat indeed. Hence the speed and cordiality with which the Zurich agreement was concluded. Britain was in no position to resist the cut-and-dried plan for the creation of an independent republic, for it was

only too clear that the carefully fostered pretence that Turks and Greeks would be at one another's throats if independence came too quickly, or Britain renounced her sovereignty and cleared out, had crumbled overnight. Mr. Bevan was therefore right but hardly original in deducing that "part of the answer" to the wonderment over the quick Greco-Turk solution was that "all along there had been a considerable amount of artificiality about the quarrel".

The Greek claim that British policy in Cyprus had followed the traditional colonialist "divide and rule" principle, and that Turkish passions over Cyprus had been artificially whipped up, received its most striking vindication in the Zurich agreement. It would be trifling with truth to deny it. Before the crisis arose, Greek and Turk had lived in peace and harmony in Cyprus for generations. Turkey had never previously shown any concern about the island, any more than she had regarding Rhodes, much nearer to the Asia Minor coast. If there was any "miracle" about the Zurich accord, it was that the incredible folly of British policy in Cyprus, persisted in for so long almost to the point of the ruination of the island's economy, was halted with almost jolting suddenness. In retrospect one is left wondering whether the Government ever genuinely intended moving towards self-government, for the still echoing words of Mr. Lennox Boyd at the Blackpool Conservative conference, "Turkey's offshore island", did not point that way, any more than the still-born Macmillan Partnership Plan. After moving from Mr. Hopkinson's "Never" of 1954 to a vague "Sometime", the pendulum seemed to have swung back violently to a definite "Never, never". But all that is now in the past. What of the future?

As passions subside, the majority of the people of Greece and Cyprus are inclining towards the view of Archbishop Makarios, whose prestige has never been higher, expressed at a Press conference in London before his return to the island: "This day a new chapter opens for the people of Cyprus—a period of peace and prosperity." It is true that a stormy scene occurred in the Greek Parliament, consequent on the Opposition's censure motion for what was alleged to be the mishandling of the Cyprus question by the Government, and that the 37,000-strong Pan-Cyprian Federation of Labour (not Communist, as is so often stated) has shown a good deal of resentment at what is held to be far too generous concessions made to the Turkish minority. But if the Archbishop and the Ethnarchy as a whole, including Dr. Dervis, the Mayor of Nicosia, who had been an unswerving advocate of Enosis and then self-determination, feel fairly happy about the agreement, who else in Cyprus may complain? If the Greeks generally are not disposed to wax enthusiastic over the terms, calm reflection is bound to give satisfaction as to the international, political and economic advantages likely to accrue to Greece by reason of the settlement, and of the trading prosperity which will come to Cyprus through the continuing association with Britain and co-operation with Turkey. After all, the overwhelming bulk of the industrial and commercial enterprises, as well as agriculture, is in the hands of the Greeks. To quote an Athens newspaper "Acropolis": "A part of

Hellenism living outside the Greek borders, a valuable part, and the only one existing after the elimination of Hellenism in Asia Minor, Russia, Rumania, and North Epirus becomes free and independent, acquires its own country, and opens the road to a life of its own which nothing can prevent being a Greek life."

This is undoubtedly true, and the prospects are limitless, notwithstanding the "guarantees" it is proposed to write into the Constitution to prevent any ultimate union with Greece. There are 438,000 Greeks on the island compared with approximately 90,000 Turks. By the year 2000 it is estimated that the population will top the million mark, with the Hellenic element in the same ratio of preponderance. In an independent republic, with majority rule operating—for that must inevitably be the case no matter what the presumed powers of the veto of the Turkish Vice-President may be—it is not difficult to imagine what changes of a major character might be decided by plebiscite or referendum. In a politically dynamic world, in which change is the keynote, nothing can withstand the expressed and determined desire of an overwhelming majority, especially when the people involved are Greek.

No agreement, particularly one born under the pressures and stresses of the Zurich accord, is immutable or inviolable, as the recent record of broken, abrogated and mutually terminated treaties shows. The weakness of the Cyprus settlement, however welcome it may be to the entire western world, is that it rests on no universally accepted democratic and moral foundations. It is at best a makeshift hotch-potch of independence or self-government, in which a one-fifth minority acquires a status of importance out of all proportion to its strength. The weakness becomes all the more evident when it is considered that since the beginning of "the Cyprus question" the politically passionate Greeks have regarded it as irredentist in character, and that the Greek Cypriot majority are not likely to lose sight of that "ideal to be earnestly, devoutly and fervently cherished", to quote the then Mr. Winston Churchill in 1907, to be incorporated "with what may be called their mother country". Moreover, as an internationally contracted agreement, the Zurich Pact is illegal, since it flies in the face of the Lausanne Treaty of 1923, which expressly excluded Turkey from any further participation in the affairs of Cyprus, a decision subsequently confirmed by Ataturk himself, who stated categorically that henceforth Turkey would make no claims to any territory beyond her own boundaries. This flaunting of the Lausanne Treaty will constitute a very useful and unchallengable precedent when the time comes for the Cyprus majority to determine their own destiny, unhampered by any influence or pressure of external Powers. The vision of Enosis did not die with the London signing of the Zurich accord; like a mirage, it only disappeared temporarily from view. It was the reputable *Christian Science Monitor* that one said, "Enosis is inevitable". The reason given was "the trend of history".

Before Archbishop Makarios signed the London documents setting up the independent Cyprus republic he insisted, on the advice of the Greek Cypriot delegation, that the words, "agreed foundation for a final settle-

ment", should be added to the text. The full significance of this addendum was perhaps underlined when, in his address at the Greek Orthodox church in Camden Town afterwards, he told his hearers: "The struggles of the people of Cyprus are not yet ended. We are called to new struggles, peaceful struggles, for constructive national work and international co-operation. A new chapter in our history opens today. We must write this chapter with the same resoluteness, the same faith and courage, with which the previous chapter was written."

One step at a time. Rome was not built in a day. With a good deal more realism than the British and American Press, the usually shrewd political commentator of the Paris *Le Monde* thinks that Makarios and his followers have adopted the attitude of traditional British empiricism by showing more interest in the power suddenly thrust into their hands than in the power that has been refused them. Because of that attitude, Cyprus would occupy the attention of the Chancellories for a long time. The prediction will not be falsified. *The Times* says the proposed constitution is "essentially a diarchy", and "arithmetically the Turks came well out of the bargain". If the new republic is essentially a diarchy, it must surely rank as the first state in the world, or in history, to have a comparatively small minority elevated to such a status. But though it is certain that Archbishop Makarios means to prove to the world that Greeks and Turks can live and work together in peace and harmony for their mutual benefit as in the past, the "diarchy", as such, can have no certain survival.

Other undemocratic and objectionable features which are not likely to be sustained are the enforced British sovereignty over the bases for an indefinite time, and the stationing of Greek and Turkish troops on the island. There is no logical reason why Britain should not lease the bases, or have a sovereignty similar to that which the Americans exercise in the case of their United Kingdom bases. The proposal to set up separate municipalities—a British idea—will prove a failure, as in none of the six main towns do the Turks contribute to the revenue according to the value of the amenities they enjoy. Thus, while the Turkish population in the six towns is 20.9 per cent, their total contribution to the main assets of the municipalities does not exceed 10.43 per cent. Whether or no Cyprus remains within the Commonwealth, it would appear to be to its advantage to stay within the sterling area, and to foster trade with the United Kingdom. The suggestion that it cannot be viable is nonsense, since its resources have never been fully developed. The prosperity due to the presence of British troops and the construction of military and air bases placed its economy on a false basis, and diverted the main interest away from agriculture. One good reason why Greece would be foolish to accede to Turkish desires and join the new version of the Baghdad Pact is that this pact is repugnant to most Arab countries, with which Greece maintains happy relations, and because the trade of the Arabs is important to both Greece and Cyprus and can become increasingly so. A new opportunity opens up for the renewal of Anglo-Greek and Greco-Turk friendship. The Greek Foreign Minister has made

the first gesture to the British Government, and one hopes that a warm response may soon be forthcoming from Mr. Macmillan.

Meanwhile, so far as the prospects for harmony and peaceful reconstruction in Cyprus itself are concerned, those zealous but uninformed prophets who have so confidently predicted that further strife would confound the Archbishop's efforts because of a disgruntled EOKA, the Communists, and the hostility of Bishop Kyprianos to the plan, have already been proved hopelessly out of focus. Colonel Grivas, the EOKA leader, while stating that the agreement "does not satisfy our aspirations," has called on all Greek Cypriots to "foregather united around the Ethnarch, who is today the symbol of unity and strength, and help him in his difficult task." Bishop Kyprianos, the unrelenting advocate of "Enosis, and only Enosis," has given a pledge in similar terms, and the entire Left-wing of the movement is ranged firmly behind the Archbishop. THOMAS ANTHEM.

WEIMAR-GERMANY AND MOSCOW

THE catchword "Unholy Alliance" seems to have become current first in respect of relations developed laboriously and with many reverses between the Weimar Republic of Germany and the Soviet Union a quarter century ago. Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, the German republic's first Foreign Minister, defeated at Versailles, and its first ambassador to Moscow from 1922 till his death in 1928, figures as the main official exponent of the relations thus described. The Rapallo treaty of April 16, 1922, between the two outsiders of the then comity of nations is considered as the point of departure for that co-operation of two former enemies. It is known that it served sore needs of Moscow in the economic, financial and technical fields, while on the German side its diplomatic purpose, as formulated by the Count, was to use it "as a wedge against unreasonable and impossible demands of the Versailles treaty". Simultaneously it had been anticipated and exploited by military authorities, on both sides, for the creation of armaments and armament plants on Russian soil for the benefit of the Red Army as well as for a secret circumvention of the strict military terms inflicted upon Germany by the Versailles disarmament conditions.

One of the consequences of the Second World War was the opening up of the German diplomatic archives whose study has since shed light upon many events previously unknown or misinterpreted. The part played by Brockdorff-Rantzau and his struggles for a self-imposed mission—alternately against both sides and many factions within both of them—has thus appeared in a new light. A fortunate accident, the finding of a large number of copies of his personal documents destroyed by the Nazis, entrusted to the Leipzig historian Erich Brandenburg, has further increased the documentary evidence. After several previous publications, Prof. Herbert Helbig of the Berlin Free University has now produced a first comprehensive study* of that whole period and of the actors of what,

* Herbert Helbig, *Die Träger der Rapallo-Politik*; Veröffentlichungen des Max Planck-Instituts für Geschichte; Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht, Göttingen, 1958. DM. 16.80.

finally, was laying the seeds for that truly "unholy alliance", the Ribbentrop-Molotov pact of August, 1939.

In three, somewhat loosely connected parts, it shows the "Way to Rapallo"—that surprise of the Genoa conference of 1922 which however had had quite a number of antecedents reaching back to at least the Russian victory over Poland in August, 1920, and was rooted in the charity and other work accomplished by such diplomatic outsiders as M. Schlesinger, later Consul General, and Gustav Hilger, later Embassy Councillor. This chapter shows that the then head of the Berlin F.O's Eastern Department, Baron Ago von Maltzan (later U. Secretary of State and ambassador in Washington) had formulated weeks in advance with the Soviet commissars, what, now, emerges as virtually the text of the "sudden *volte-face*" of that first Russian-German post-war treaty, and that he had secured for that agreement with Chicherin and Litvinov the consent of the then Reich Chancellor Dr. Wirth while concealing it until the last minute from his own superior, Foreign Minister Rathenau. And likewise from his monitor and friend Brockdorff-Rantzau, who disagreed, if not with the purpose yet most strongly with the moment and the procedure chosen for such a treaty. The details of the story, well-documented as they are, do much to clear the latter from its previously widespread interpretation as a plot for violent disruption of the Versailles shackles, for a military enterprise of both countries in conjunction, or as an instrument of revenge plans of Count Brockdorff-Rantzau.

The second part deals with the Count's mission in Moscow. Here again a myth is destroyed by a wealth of documentary facts: that of a systematic, well-nigh blind "eastern" (pro-Russian) orientation of that German statesman. Such an impression resulted from his initial opposition to the "western" policy of Foreign Minister Dr. Stresemann that led to Locarno and into the League of Nations, from his fight for a somewhat equivalent treaty with Moscow and from the socially dominating position he soon acquired in the Soviet capital thanks to his personality and his intimate relations with Chicherin and Litvinov. Nothing, however, could be farther from the truth: not only had Brockdorff-Rantzau foreseen—in a memorandum he wrote as the German Envoy in Copenhagen, April 1, 1917—the "development of Russia as a political power exceeding that of a territorially limited Germany"; had he fought, consistently and in a feud leading to a personal enmity but superficially patched up under outside pressure, the military "underground" co-operation and ambitions of General von Seeckt, C.i.C. of the technically fettered Reichswehr and his special mission to Moscow; but he suggested in 1923, barely a year after he had gained his strong position in Russia, to Stresemann harsh measures, the menace of breaking off diplomatic relations when Communist propaganda and Press attacks became truly virulent. And more than once, even with pressure upon Stresemann, he rejected any military commitment; thus in a report to President Hindenburg of July, 1926, where he stated that "1812 and 1813 will not be repeated . . . We must never forget that here the idea of the World revolution predominates," had he laid down

in a policy programme for the Cabinet, January 21, 1919, a reconstruction work for Russia in common with the western Allies.

He finds any military alliance, previously suggested by the Soviet State President Rykov, not worth discussing and has exploited every incident—a Soviet distinction for the former German bandit leader Max Hoelz, a provocative speech by War commissar Woroshilov etc.—for obtaining a suppression of the illegitimate underhand co-operation of German and Russian military authorities, “unjustifiable alike to the German people and the League of Nations”.

This aspect of the Count's part in the Russo-German history of the 'twenties, forms the third part of Prof. Helbig's work. The question of its heading “Military Alliance or Neutrality Pact?” is answered positively and convincingly in favour of the second alternative albeit the author, from his German point of view, believes that the unwelcome military sideplay provided Brockdorff-Rantzau with a strengthening of his political platform upon which he gained international importance. As one of his confidants and author of his first necessarily somewhat sketchy biography but a year after his death, I feel sure of the Count's absolute and unswerving devotion to an exclusively diplomatic game royal he was destined to play, and in the interest of which he refused even the most tempting other tasks and honours. Other embassies as a matter of course, but even the Chancellorship suggested to him by friends, Stresemann's own job offered to him in a letter of April 24, 1924, and once more, in August, 1928, the office of Reich Chancellor, this time offered by Hindenburg; he had not even hesitated when, after Ebert's death in February, 1925, a number of important people had asked him to enter the contest for the Reich Presidency. When I had to assess, thirty years ago, his scintillating, unorthodox personality, I had to rely on observation, and on personal impressions, a number of letters and such documentary evidence as his heartbroken twin brother considered fit for a hero's memorial. That a wealth of proof would confirm that picture a generation later, when the power Brockdorff-Rantzau wanted to tame and to use has grown into a Golem, and should justify its frequent quotation in a work of learning and research significant and topical when Russians stand a hundred miles from North Sea and Rhine, and western statesmen negotiate with them about Berlin, is a poor testimonial for the epigones' statesmanship. It adds, however, and promises further addition in a future complete political biography of Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, to the cleansing of Macchiavellism of that hapless product of such statesmanship, the Weimar republic.

EDGAR STERN-RUBARTH.

CULTURAL LIFE IN WESTERN GERMANY

PARALLELS offer a tempting line of approach in any study especially when the great watershed in each case happens to be a world war. Thus when scanning the field of German cultural achievements in the period after 1945 we almost instinctively direct our thoughts to the era

after the first conflagration. And when the two periods—1918-1930 and 1945-1957—are compared, the comparison doesn't look too favourable for the later one. What is the reason for the obvious inferiority of the second 1945-1957—are compared, the comparison doesn't look too favourable for from her 1918 defeat, produce far more arresting works in literature, the theatre, painting and films, than the Germany after 1945 catastrophe—though the new Germany has succeeded in achieving a prosperity, a social balance and adjustment, the first could never have dreamed of? Is it precisely because of the presence of social ferment, unrest, revolutionary upheavals—both Nazi and Communist—that the arts in Germany after the First World War flourished yet declined in the prosperous Germany of the *Wirtschaftswunder*? Is an atmosphere of tension a necessary ingredient in the formation of ideas fruitful to artistic creation? Is moral and spiritual dissatisfaction a basic element in any cultural life, which becomes muted in too much material well-being?

Maybe this is the cause, but not the whole truth. Agreed, the concentration on material prosperity and the accelerated pace of "Americanization" in W. Germany—even before the war in many ways the most "Americanized" country in Europe—does not favour artistic achievements. Maybe the ardent pacifism and the violent anti-war feelings which burst upon post-1918 Germany provided a more fecund soil for the arts than the silence which had fallen on Germany in 1945 about the enormities perpetrated by that country; maybe this conspiracy of silence (which is only occasionally broken in the theatre and in films) belongs to the order of national therapy? In all probability countries still too close to nightmares conjured up by their own imagination steeped in *Blut und Boden* defend themselves from despair, as neurotic patients do, by keeping silent about their recent and too shattering experiences. After the 1918 *débâcle* there were signs of a *katharsis* in the German psyche, especially in the world of art: a revulsion from war and man's inhumanity to man; much less of a similar *katharsis* could be detected after 1945, though it should be stated in all fairness that thirteen years after the 1945 calamity there is no sign in Germany of glorifying the army, whereas by 1930 there were only too many of those alarming portents.

It is easy to lament over the decline of any literature, but there exist reasons for affirming that German literature has deteriorated in vigour and stature since the days of Thomas and Heinrich Mann, of Rilke and Klabund, of Arnold Zweig and Stefan George and a host of illustrious writers who wrote after 1918. A Swiss critic, W. Muschg, denounced in 1957 German literature for its smugness, its lack of spirit of protest and adventure. Yes, great names are lacking: after the death of Thomas Mann—and recently of Feuchtwanger—the greatest names seems to be that of H. Hesse, long resident in Switzerland; but his talent, fragile and esoteric, belongs to the past. The name of E. Jünger comes to mind, but he appears to be a partly spent force: after his noble *Auf den Marmorklippen* he never attained that standard, and neither his *Heliopolis* (1949) nor *Gläserne Bienen* (1957) can be regarded as really satisfying. Gertrude Le Fort's writings are a challenge to her great age: her story about Carmelite nuns

executed in the turmoil of the French Revolution was made memorable by G. Bernanos in his inspired drama *Dialogues des Carmelites*. When at 78 G. Le Fort wrote a moving book, *Am Tor des Himmels* (1954), a story about the tragic figure of Galileo, and her qualities as a writer *de la grande classe* remain unimpaired. Hans Carossa does not seem to have much to offer in his autobiographical *Ungleiche Welten* (1951); a promising writer, H. Broch, lured by the star of James Joyce, died in 1951 in America—Stefan Andres (b. 1906) proved in his *Ritter der Gerechtigkeit* and *Die Sintflut* that big things can be expected of him. Theodor Plievier, a master of reportage, a kind of a new E. E. Kisch at his best, painted a picture of military collapse in his three impressive volumes: *Stalingrad*, *Moskau*, *Berlin*.

It may be thought symptomatic that the outstanding authors concerned with the war theme belong to the middle generation, now about 50: Heinrich Böll, Albrecht Goes and Gerd Gaiser (the last two born in 1908). Böll is probably the ablest and his novel *Der Zug war pünktlich* depicts with biting irony the German campaign in the East; Goes's best effort is probably *Das Brandopfer*; Gaiser's novel *Eine Stimme hebt sich an* amounts to a serious and honest heart-searching after the defeat. Hans Bender (b. 1919) is the only representative of the younger generation who has a chance of becoming first-rate. His *Die Wölfe kommen zurück* is marked with sincerity without the cloying sentimentality and self-pity which are the bane of so many German writers old and new. And so surveying long rows of books (they are expensive the German books and publishers publish them more than ever, often complaining that they are bought as "furniture" rather than as reading matter; even so, *Dr. Zhivago* sold nearly 400,000 copies and was definitely widely read), one meets few important names. Plievier seems to be the foremost painter of the *débâcle*, like Curzio Malaparte in Italy, but neither he nor any other writer has yet produced the shock of Remarque's *Im Westen nichts Neues*. But is this to be ascribed to the fact that the weight of literature, its power to shatter hearts, has been devalued in the meantime? Or to the fact that war has ceased to be the monopoly of the *Frontsoldaten* and that Germany in her second conflagration had to suffer hell in the *Hinterland* from aerial bombardment? Whatever the reason, it is incontestible that contemporary German literature is rather sterile, while Italy after Fascism had sufficient energy to present Alberto Moravia, Carlo Levi, Mario Soldati and many others. Can it be attributed to the mental attitude of the ironic, sceptical Italians who never took Mussolini's *mystique* half as seriously as the ponderous Germans did with the monstrous stupidities of Hitler's racial lore? We don't know.

In regard to literary periodicals, nothing of great importance can be mentioned; papers both serious and lively are conspicuous by their

* For a concise but illuminating survey of the contemporary German novel see the essay "The Recent German Novel: Some Aspects and Directions", contributed by W. M. Waisson to the *International Literary Annual*, No. 1, Edited by John Wain. J. Calder Publishers, London, 1958. He also quotes sources to be consulted about modern German literature. For the treatment of the war-time German novel see H. Boeschstein's work on that subject.

absence (*Die Neue Rundschau* published by the S. Fischer Verlag seems almost lifeless); probably the best journals are *Der Monat* of Berlin subsidised by an American organization (The Congress for Cultural Freedom) and the *Frankfurter Hefte* edited by the courageous Dr. Kogon, author of a brilliant volume on the S.S. Staat. The glut of pictorial weeklies with a slight American slant provides a striking contrast to the dearth of weeklies with a more serious bent (*Die Gegenwart* closed down in 1958).

A paralysis similar to that which seized literature is noticeable in the theatre: while in the domain of literature thousands of translations are being published so in the theatre (whose number miraculously increased after the war; some of the buildings, like that in Cologne, surpass in modern equipment anything Europe can show) foreign plays are performed everywhere, from Garcia Lorca via Anouilh to John Osborne and Tennessee Williams. The number of theatres heavily subsidized by communities or by the State may make countries like England blush, but the production of native plays is very modest. Carl Zuckmeyer's, especially his *Teufels General*, enjoy a vogue, but they were written by an emigré. Brecht's plays are not produced in E. Germany apart from his Berliner Ensemble stage, but they flood theatres in W. Germany, and they are performed to full houses. In German repertory mainly old plays (chiefly by G. Hauptmann) are revived, mostly in traditional style. The German theatre has lost the inventiveness it displayed in the 'twenties under Reinhardt and Piscator when, with the theatres of Vienna, Berlin belonged to the world's *avant-garde*. This *Sturm und Drang Periode* of the theatre has not been repeated; the many beautifully equipped theatres now favour placid stagecraft and conventional production. But some plays are noteworthy—those evolved by the slow process of *katharsis*: the drama based on the Anne Frank's *Diary*; the play about the Polish-Jewish writer and teacher Janusz Korczak and the drama about the defence of the Warsaw Ghetto, Harlan's *Ich selbst und kein Engel*. These made a deep impression on German audiences.

Post-war Italy has amazed the world with pictures of great delicacy of touch, mixing the romantic with the down-to-earth elements; charming films by de Sica as well as deeply moving ones like *La Strada*, and triumphs by such pictures as *Due Soldi della Speranza* and *Bicycle Thieves* can be recorded. In contrast to Italy, post-war Germany (which after 1918 produced the finest films in Europe—besides Russia's Eisenstein and Pudovkin—with its *Ufa* and a host of splendid players, from Emil Jannings to Marlene Dietrich) has hardly anything to show in a field once ruled by great producers like Lubitsch and Fritz Lang. *Berliner Ballade*, *Verbrecher sind unter uns*, *Mädchen Rosemarie* and *Wir Wunderkinder*—these can be remembered as having achieved a high level. The remaining productions—hundreds of them—can be classed as pure *Kitsch*, or, as the Americans call it, schmaltz stuff. In music great names like that of Richard Strauss are gone; Paul Hindemith has moved to America but his creative power seems to have declined. Carl Orff, whose *Carmina Burana* found its way to world repertoire, enjoys probably the greatest reputation in contemporary German music. Of course, music hasn't lost its appeal to German audiences; their concert halls (some of striking modernity; it seems

that architecture is one of the arts which is really flourishing in a country seized by a frenzy of reconstruction) are always full; music festivals are growing like mushrooms from Hamburg to Munich, and one can speak of a real boom in opera. Neither in ballet (where 30 years ago Kurt Jooss and his company, Palucca, Mary Wigman and that uncanny genius Harold Kreuzberg, were active) nor in the plastic arts can Germany dazzle with great things today. Post-1918 expressionism, the world of Grosz and Kokoschka, of Kandinsky and Nolde and many other rebels who made Berlin for a while a sort of Montparnasse of the Eastern half of Europe, has no counterpart in any artistic movement today: no great names in painting or sculpture can be compared with those in France, Italy, Britain or Jugoslavia (Mestrovic).

To sum up: how is this puzzle of W. German *Kultur* to be explained? Has the quest for prosperity absorbed too much of the communal energy to leave enough for artistic work? Probably. So also must lack of tension, of political and ideological conflict, be held responsible for the somehow dowdy picture of present-day culture in Germany. So also must the "Americanization" of the country and the advance of materialistic ideas. But other reasons can be listed, too: Hitlerism has probably injured very deeply the artistic capabilities of the nation, and the traumatic shock of that régime has paralysed its desire for artistic self-expression. Great art may come to Germany in a decade or two; for the time being these energies may be slumbering. The elimination of the Jewish element must also be taken into account: it used to be a force in the stolid German *Weltanschauung*; it added the salt of wit to the cultural dish; without that almost Parisian ingredient (so evident in the poems of Heine), the fare tastes rather stale and dull. But in the last analysis we cannot discover the real causes of the obvious *impasse* in which German culture has found itself. Probably we have to reckon with a long hang-over from a Totalitarian rule which struck at the very roots of man's artistic creativeness.

DR. Z. A. GRABOWSKI.

PEACE WITH AUSTRIA IN 1918?

IN "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House" appear references to the correspondence between the Emperor of Austria and President Wilson with regard to a separate peace in 1918. President Wilson had delivered an important speech to the General Session of Congress on February 11, 1918. A first direct result of his speech was evident on February 20, when House was called by telephone from Washington and told that a secret peace offer from the Emperor of Austria had been picked up by the British Intelligence Service, under the direction of Admiral Hall. Colonel House says:—

"The reference in the Emperor Charles' letter to *Italia Irredenta* indicated no willingness to concede an iota to Italian claims." This, it is evident, is absolutely incorrect, because the Emperor was perfectly willing to cede the Italian-speaking part of the Trentino but not, of course, the German-speaking portion which we now call South Tyrol. What he

actually wrote, according to the letter published in the appendix to Colonel House's memoirs, was as follows:—

"We shall be able to establish this (concession) in case of the national claims of Italy to the part of the Austrian Tyrol inhabited by Italians by means of the proof of indisputable manifestations and expressions of the popular will in this part of the country."

Mr. Page refers to these negotiations between Austria and Italy in a letter to President Wilson on February 22, 1917:—

"At my first interview (with Lloyd George) I expressed my astonishment at his conclusion—that Austria was a greater hindrance to Germany as an ally than she would be as a neutral."

"To my arguments he simply repeated his conclusion—with amazing rapidity. The most hopeful thing that I could then induce him to say was that he would take some of his associates into his confidence and tell me when there was anything more to say. But on top of this he forbade me to mention the subject to any member of the Government *for the present*. That for the time being balked me. It was as if an Ambassador at Washington had taken up a subject with you, had got your answer, and had asked leave to discuss it with members of your cabinet. If you had said 'No', he would of course have been silenced on the penalty of forfeiting your confidence, if he had gone further. It occurred to me, then, that perhaps I had made a mistake in going to him first. Yet any other course would have been discourteous to him after his request that I should take up with him informal subjects of high importance; for he is practically Dictator. All that was left me to do was to pursue him relentlessly since I could pursue nobody else—or to give it up; and I had no idea of resting with the answer he had given me."

Mr. Page goes on to tell us that next day he had what seemed a piece of good luck. He was invited by a Member of the Government to dinner a few nights later and was told that the Prime Minister would come. After dinner he had a further talk with Lloyd George who said "Nothing to say further yet". "I haven't had a chance to go over the subject with the men I had in mind". Mr. Page then arranged a little dinner himself for Lloyd George and to this he invited Admiral Jellicoe, James Bryce, and several other important people. Mr. Page again asked Lloyd George what news there was. He simply shook his head. Mr. Page then took him aside and remarked on the ease with which even great men and great governments made great mistakes. He says that Lloyd George was perhaps the easiest man to talk to of all the men who at that time held high places, but it was not so easy to convince him. Mr. Page says he had little dignity, no presence except as an orator. He swore familiarly on every occasion, but he had as quick a mind and as ready speech as any man that he ever encountered, yet Mr. Page adds that it was impossible to realise that his casual deliverances were the voice of the British Empire.

After more talk into which Lloyd George had injected an oath or two Mr. Page made bold to say, "Good God! Prime Minister, have you forgotten that the whole object of the war is to reduce Europe to peace, and here may be peace that you are rejecting—how do you know?"

Mr. Page, however, got no satisfactory answer though this was his third interview. A whole week had now elapsed and Mr. Page had got no further than at his last interview. He resolved to go and see the Prime Minister again at his office. He refers to the argument which seemed to him quite irrefutable, and he was determined, he says, to fight to the last ditch. To his great surprise Lloyd George now yielded at once, "gracefully, easily, almost unbidden". He said he had somewhat modified his views and only insisted that the greatest secrecy should be maintained.

The Germans had proposed a peace conference a short time previously, but, because no terms were named, it was regarded by the British as a mere trick. In fact, it steeled the nation and the Government against all peace talk till the spring campaign and the submarine war were eventually to decide something. In fact, the very word "peace" was banished from the English vocabulary. Lloyd George himself had declared in several speeches that there could yet be no peace or no thought of peace. This was evidently his state of mind when Mr. Page first brought up the subject, and this was the state of mind of the British nation. All suggestions of peace had been hooted in the House of Commons and meetings suspected of advocating peace had been dispersed by the police. Lloyd George's emphasis on secrecy showed plainly what his fears were. Now, however, he realised that if he could announce the surrender of Austria, that would appear as a great stroke on his behalf, but he thought if it got about that he was negotiating with Austria or anybody else about peace, then he would lose his Dictatorship overnight. In fact, he was afraid of the subject. Now, however, he had discussed the possibility of eliminating Austria, with some of his colleagues, and he had somewhat changed his views.

Mr. Page said that he felt the necessity of being on his guard with Lloyd George but perhaps he was doing him wrong, though his enemies were wont to say that he was tricky and untruthful. It is possible that they were not good witnesses and that their judgment was unfair, but at any rate, he thought that he was changeable and even mercurial. He reached quick conclusions by his emotions as well as by his reason. In fact, he reasoned with his emotions. He had been called the illiterate Prime Minister because he never read or wrote anything. He was, however, the one public man in the Kingdom who had an undoubted touch of genius. He had also the defects of genius. He certainly had vision and imagination, but his imagination at times ran away with him. He was an amazing spectacle to watch. He compelled admiration but did not inspire complete confidence. Mr. Page only wished that he had the same unquestioning and unshakable confidence in him that he had in Sir Edward Grey, whose genius was all the genius of character. A Scottish friend of Lloyd George was defending him in a little group of men who were expressing their fear of his emotional adventures. One of them happened to ask about his truthfulness. "Oh," said the Scotsman, "he is truthful, perfectly truthful, but a Scotsman's truth is a straight line. A Welshman's is more or less of a curve." England had, however, awakened under his leadership but there was something slipshod about his ways and his thought. He had, however, organised English man power and will

power such as perhaps no man had ever done before. Even as regards the Austrian peace question the Prime Minister had at last given the answer which Mr. Page had wanted when he first brought up the subject, but unfortunately, a week had been lost owing to the fact that he had bound Page to secrecy on pain of becoming a traitor to him, yet his attitude to Page had been derived from his admiration of President Wilson and his desire to have him at the peace conference.

Mr. Page had, however, talked with others. He found that Mr. Balfour was eager to see a peace proposal from Austria provided it was genuine. He and others had, however, some fear that the hand of Germany was in it, in fact, that it might be a trick. Mr. Page thought it necessary to make a further engagement with the Prime Minister. In order to prevent the newspapers from discovering his visit he walked to Downing Street, mounted the steps at the end of the street, while he sent his car to wait for him at the German Embassy. He renewed his conversation with the Prime Minister about receiving formally the offer of peace from Austria. Mr. Page told him that President Wilson was still keeping relations with Austria open in the hope of rendering this great service to peace, and Mr. Page then put to Lloyd George the case as strongly as he could. The Prime Minister said that it would be a good thing to detach Austria, though, according to Mr. Page, he had said exactly the contrary a week previously. Mr. Page suspected, however, that he had had a talk with Lord Curzon, and this had brought him to a definite decision, though at first he was a little reluctant. Finally he committed himself fully. As Mr. Page walked away from Downing Street he made this reflection, that he had been able to sit down and talk to the Dictator of the British Empire as calmly and as easily as if he had gone to see a man on some trifling errand such as ordering a pair of glasses or engaging a room at an hotel. What the Prime Minister feared was publicity but finally he yielded in a commonplace way. "We two men," he said, "had been trying to devise a plan for ending the war which was surely a subject to excite anybody. There was, however, no excitement, only a commonplace argument and at last a favourable response." Mr. Page says that he fancies "that all great transactions and conferences are carried out in this way. In fact, the momentousness on such occasions only comes afterwards—as a sort of afterthought."

The Italians, however, had already received from the Allies under the secret Treaty of London of 1915 the promise of German-speaking Tyrol, and they were naturally reluctant to make terms with Austria if all that she was prepared to cede to them was the Italian-speaking portion of the Trentino, that is to say, the country south of the Salurn Gap. They were determined to get from Austria what the Allies had promised them, that is to say, the whole country south of the Brenner Pass. Austria naturally could not betray her German-speaking peoples. Consequently, the negotiations fell through, with the unfortunate result that ultimately the thousands of mountain folk whose native tongue was German and whose most distant ancestors had cherished that language as well as Austrian traditions and culture, were placed by the Allies after 1918 under Italian

rule. One more injustice to human rights and privileges had been created by war and by statesmen not sufficiently informed of the factors which they have to take into consideration when making decisions fraught with import for the defeated and for generations not yet born.

DOUGLAS L. SAVORY.

RUSSIAN ART AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

THE exhibition of Russian painting from the 13th to the 20th century, held at the Royal Academy, seems unlikely to increase our appreciation of Russian art: the walls are shabby, the canvas hangings sometimes tattered, the light is poor, the paintings badly framed, and the catalogue is hardly a mine of information. Nevertheless, the range of the exhibition and the variety of its one hundred and twenty-two exhibits do give the public a rare opportunity to view the course and history of Russian art. Inevitably there are gaps, but all travelling exhibitions face this difficulty. Many of the experimental painters from the beginning of the century—Malevitch, Lissitzky, Kandinsky, Larionov among others—are not represented, and yet one must admit that a selection by an academic or government body to represent England abroad would pose many problems. It is only when one has toured European galleries of modern art that one realizes the high esteem in which artists like Brangwyn are held while almost totally ignored at home. In any case, Chagall and Kandinsky—to mention only two—belong to the movement of international art; and no one would wish to claim, except in origin, that they were Russian artists. There is little point in lamenting works which have not been included—far better to enjoy and give thanks for those exhibited. And it must be said there is much to enjoy. There are ikons dated from the 13th to the 17th century, and easel paintings from the middle of the 18th century to the present day. Byzantine art has, perhaps, been vastly over-praised, and many art-lovers are only too conscious of its monotony and lack of originality. The ikons exhibited here are conspicuous exceptions, glorious in colouring and surprisingly adventurous in design. It is true they are the outcome of an official ordering of art, the rigidity and harshness of which is unknown today; but they are vital and emphatic in their stressing of individual values. Each ikon demands hours of attention and well repays them; and yet when one realises some are works of the 17th century their sterility and historical anachronism are horrifying. Individually they are superb; historically they reveal an attitude to art in comparison to which that of the Soviet government seems quite benevolent. It is a relief to go on to easel painting.

It cannot be denied that many of the 18th and early 19th century paintings are vastly inferior to those of the English, Dutch and French portraitists of the same period. Yet Levitsky's *Portrait of Two Smolny Institute Pupils* compares very well with Gainsborough's child portraits. Two factors must be remembered in connection with portraiture of this period. Since there had been no representational painting in Russia until the end of the 17th century and Peter I's reforms,

there was no tradition of representational painting such as Europe had known since the Renaissance; and, secondly, after the vast exhibition of historical portraits arranged by Diaghilev in the Tauride Palace at St. Petersburg in 1905, many of the portraits were returned only to be burnt during the uprisings of that year—an anticipation of 1917 when so many more pictures were to be destroyed. Until after the Revolution there was no permanent museum in which paintings of any kind could be collected and preserved. In fact, there is a comparative dearth of Russian painting of the 18th and 19th centuries. It is fortunate, then, that the Royal Academy exhibition has been able to include such fine portraits as that of the writer *Nestor Vasilyevich Kukolnik* by Bryullov and Venetsianov's *Peasant Girl with a Calf*, a picture that has homely affinities with Chardin's domestic scenes. That there rapidly sprung up a native school of portrait work is surely obvious, though its general quality is hard to judge from these few exhibits.

It is understandable that it is the Soviet art which seems to have attracted most critical attention. Strange, because it is so generally bad. Yet who would deny that the austere yet urgent, formal yet moving *Defence of Petrograd*, 1928, by Deineka is one of the few masterpieces of figurative art of this half-century? The grey, regimented, neutral colouring and the nightmarish abstraction of figures and objects give a timeless quality that most successfully and uniquely bridges the gulf between the representational, literary quality of 19th century painting and the remote abstract art of today. Unfortunately no other work repeats this triumph. Petrov-Vodkin's *Alarm* of 1934-35 is a memorable work in a style related to that of our own Stanley Spencer—a style, it may be said, which many critics still find too 'advanced' and unacceptable. The other works are not so arresting, though it is pointless to sneer at them when less competently-painted works are to be found in every Royal Academy Exhibition. It is true that one quite expects to come across a painting dealing with the Boyhood of Lenin or of a child being asked When Did He last see Stalin, but what all these painters can do, however bad and obtrusive the literary and propaganda elements in their work, is to draw and paint—two rapidly vanishing skills in Western Europe. What is lacking is any sense of experiment, any feeling of adventure, any heroic failure. On the other hand, hard thought it may be for us to believe and wrong though the assumption may be, Russian artists seem firmly to believe that it is the West that is endangering art by tolerating and encouraging anarchy, by emphasising activity rather than composition and discipline. And whatever we may feel about the yards of canvas depicting Comrades Bringing Home the Harvest or First Class Worker Andreyev at Work in the Mill, we cannot discount the optimism, buoyancy and self-assurance that burst from these vast canvases.

The most rewarding section of the exhibition, however, is that devoted to later 19th century painting. The novels of Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky, and Chekhov's plays too often give the impression of an almost barbaric uncultured country with little interest in the arts; we forget the urbanity of Turgenev or Diaghilev. We have been seduced by the vision of a scowling

tormented Slav soul into forgetting that St. Petersburg was probably more involved in European culture than was England of the same period. As this exhibition reveals, late-Victorian England was more parochial than Russia at that time. Russia's sudden glory in writing was only equalled by her painting and music, in some ways all greater than anything in England of the same period.

Fedotov's *The Little Widow* (surely *The Young Widow?*) of 1851 is as fine as any small English genre scene of the same period; an academic work, perhaps, but superbly and sensitively painted with a veracity the pre-Raphaelites would have envied. Repin's portraits are undeniably distinguished, and though his life spanned a tremendous period—1844–1930—his best portraits seem to have been those executed in the last decades of the century. The portrait of Tolstoy (1887) is astonishing in its forceful handling of paint, the sheer bravado of the brush strokes, as well as the vivid depiction of character. Though less vitally painted, the portrait of Feodor Dostoyevsky (1872) by Perov (1833–1882) is equally memorable in its psychological insight. Great pictorial skill in a very different manner is also evident in a portrait of the tenor Tamagno (1893) by Valentin Serov (1865–1911), a painter whose bold simplifications seem to foreshadow Modigliani's portraits. This vitality is also evident in the landscapes of Levitan, 1861–1900, especially in *After the Rain; The River Bank* (1889), in which the painter has caught the limpid atmosphere, the shimmering and calm river, the boats, trees, villas, the atmosphere and setting so beloved of the French impressionists. The catalogue tells us, 'Levitan has created images of the Russian scene, for which he had a profound understanding . . .', but there are palpable accents of Monet and Sisley in the work shown in the exhibition. Ivanov's *'They're Coming?'* *The Punitive Detachment* (1905?), is a remarkably forceful and dramatic work, reminiscent of Goya's war paintings; and Vrubel's *A Fortune-Teller*, 1895, has a boldness of style and decorativeness that anticipates Matisse in all but the colour, which is in a strangely minor key.

The variety and adventurous of this painting does not need enlarging upon though it cannot be sufficiently emphasised. The art movement *Mir Iskusstva* (the World of Art) which came into being about the turn of the century is rather better known, however, through its connection with the theatre and, in particular, the ballet. It made many contacts with artists abroad, and though many of its activities were devoted to art history rather than to creative work, it was 'a complicated and contradictory artistic manifestation which already bore the stamp of the cultural crisis that swept over Russia in the pre-revolutionary years.' The members of the group included Benois, Bakst and Roerich, and it is represented by two small works by Benois, a greatly gifted water-colourist. When it is remembered that these artists formed the taste of Diaghilev and that it was their designs which largely ensured the success of the Russian Ballet in Western Europe—a success the effects of which are still felt in the theatre and the decorative arts—the importance of *Mir Iskusstva* will be more fully appreciated.

The exhibition is neither well-selected nor well shown; its value lies in

what it suggests. Revolution and war (and the Germans destroyed countless works) may have been responsible for the disappearance of many paintings, and the lack of museums in pre-revolutionary Russia may explain the comparatively few early paintings; but even so it would surely have been possible to select more and finer works from the many superb museums in Russia today. Nevertheless, the selection shown does give the public a rare chance to trace the history and growth of Russian art, an opportunity few of us will ever have in Russia itself. If the Soviet painting is, in general, disappointing through its lack of experiment and its excessive poster-like literary content, the earlier sections have varied and unique interest. The icons are gravely and calmly beautiful, the 18th century painting surprisingly good, and the 19th full of varied interest. That century is full of vigour and bursting expansionist energy; and though we generally acknowledge the greatness of Russian music and writing of that period, we must now also accept the vitality and strength of its painting. We admit the influence of Russian music and writing—both novels and dramas—on the West; the success of this exhibition, limited as it is, rests on the fact that we are now forced to see that Russian art has also had its effect, particularly through the medium of the theatre, and that all that is original and potent in art has not necessarily derived from Paris.

ALAN BIRD.

ISRAEL'S PHOENICIAN RIVIERA

THE Phoenicians, that Semitic people which gave the world the fateful boon of alphabetic writing and were the first great mariners of history, have left their mark on every coast of the Mediterranean. That visible impress remains on the Riviera coast of France and on the Riviera coast of their original home in the lands we know as Syria and Israel. Syria, indeed, has its name from their chief port and fortress, Sur, or Tyre. And the coast of the little State of Israel is studded with their former harbours, protected by rocky reefs, where they beached their galleys. From north to south of the coast they are Rosh Hanakir, Achzib, Acre, Dor, Jaffa and Ashkelon.

The northern frontier of Israel with the State of Lebanon, which corresponds with the northern part of Phoenicia, is at Rosh Hanakir, formerly called by the Arabs Ras-el-Nakura. The frontier post is at the foot of the Ladder of Tyre, a white cliff like the Shakspeare Cliff of Dover. The crossing is enshrined in ancient history; and today a flourishing collective agricultural settlement (Kibbutz) bearing the old name has been planted by the side of the cliff. Villages of Israel are springing up along the coast—like flowers in the field after the rain. For here the soil is very fruitful, and abundant water descends from the mountains of Lebanon and the Galilee. Some of the villages, founded but a few years ago, are already turned to townships on the way to be municipalities, like the City-states of antiquity which were multiplied on this coast. Wherever a new settlement is planted, the returning children of Israel are sure to come across relics of the past, and feel the wonder of history.

A few miles south of the headland the River Zib, starting in the Galilean hills, flows into the sea. The rocky promontory at the mouth has a sure sign of Phoenician occupation. Already in the days of the British Mandate a Phoenician necropolis was found and explored, and gave up vessels of pottery and glass, jewels and ivory scarabs. The most ancient glass in the world is, as it were, indigenous to this coast. For it was here that, by fortunate chance, the Phoenicians found the way to turn sand into transparent vessels and vases. Today the 'Phoenicia' glass-works of Israel, which have their factory on the coast, using the fine white sand of the Negev, are a modern form of that ancient craft.

Two miles further southward we come to the Lido—so it is called—of Naharia. Another stream from the Galilee springs is tamely channelled into the Mediterranean, and its waters serve to irrigate the lands of a settlement of smallholders. The village of Naharia, founded 20 years ago by German and Czech refugees, each owning one or two acres intensively cultivated, has become in the days of the State an urban centre of 10,000 immigrants from many lands and a favourite seaside resort. A few years ago the archæologists, exploring a mound on the beach, uncovered a temple of Astarte (or Ashtoreth), with a high-place of upright stones, and stuffed full of pottery figurines of the goddess and the bones of the sacrificial animals. It contained also precious things in gold and silver, which now are a treasure in the Museum of Antiquities of Jewish Jerusalem. The finds include scores of seven-chambered pottery lamps, native offerings which may be the forerunners of the Jewish seven-branched candelabra, the Menorah which is Israel's coat-of-arms.

Acre, Accho of the Bible and now again of Israel, and Ptolemais of the New Testament, is one of the historical sky-scraper port towns, with separate floors of Phoenician, Canaanite, Jewish, Greek, Roman, Saracen and Crusader, Turkish, and again Jewish, culture. It is only a few miles distant from Naharia, but between them are a group of modern villages of the Return, whose names typify the ingathering of the tribes. 'The Fighters of the Ghetto', a Kibbutz, is the home of a group rescued from the concentration and displaced persons camps of Eastern Europe. 'Philadelphia' is a crippled children's village, endowed by the Jewish community of the town of the United States. Shavé Zion, meaning those who return to Zion, is a rare example of the transplantation of a Jewish agricultural village from Germany to the Land of Israel. The original settlers came in 1938, in the period of the Arab troubles, and they lived first in a stockaded citadel. Now new groups have come from the oriental lands as well as from Eastern Europe, and the Kibbutz has turned into a large and flourishing village.

Acre itself is again a town of trade and industry, and an important administrative centre for Western Galilee. Its rockbound port, which was once the meeting place of East and West, a gate of Europe to Asia, is now empty save for a few fishing smacks. It has had to give pride of place to its upstart neighbour Haifa, which is only 2,000 years old. The industrial zone in Haifa Bay—formerly the Bay of Acre—is rapidly extending from the Carmel Mountain along that lovely crescent to the walls of the Crusader

fortress. The factories have already harnessed to their service the channel of the River Kishon, that "ancient stream" of the Bible, which formerly meandered through the plain of Zebulun, but is now rigidly canalised and equipped with quays. Soon they will take in their stride the other historic stream of the Bay, Belus, by whose banks the first glassmakers were encamped. The whole area, from the point of Carmel to the gleaming promontory of Acre, will be a hive of industry of every kind, more populous than ever it was either in Antiquity or in the Middle Ages.

Haifa is a greater port today than Phoenician Tyre, Sidon and Acre combined, with a population approaching 200,000. Its past, which was Hellenistic and Medieval, is buried beneath the massive modern warehouses and stores round the harbour built by the British administration in the days of the Mandate. Its population is nearly all Jewish. There are, however, 7,000 Arabs, and a small colony of Persians, the devoted followers of a modern Oriental universal religion. They are the Bahais; and their founder saints are buried in Haifa and Acre. A golden domed shrine in their memory rises on Mount Carmel like a beacon. As the Phoenicians planted their colonies in all parts of the Mediterranean, carried the merchandise from the East to the West, and brought the copper from the West to their towns, so conversely today Israel exports her oranges, grape fruit and ground-nuts and chemicals, and brings the machinery and raw materials from the West to her ports, and in her ships carries the tens of thousands of the scattered people to Haifa to build a nation. Some of those ships are constructed in Germany as part of the indemnities which the Western Federal Republic is delivering to Israel as an atonement offering for the massacre of the Jews by the Nazis. You may see the immigrants arriving in their hundreds from North Africa, from those places which were the oldest colonies of Phoenicia 2,500 years ago.

Ten miles south of Haifa, close to the gaunt ruins of the Crusader castle of Athlit, you come to another rocky promontory with the massive ruins of a Phoenician temple to Astarte. It is Dor, one of the historic fortresses that guarded the sea-road along the Mediterranean, the highway trodden by the armies from 2,000 B.C. to the days of the Crusades. The fortress of Dor was then destroyed by the Mameluke Sultan after the expulsion of the Christian ranks; and its ruins were covered by the encroaching sands. In the latter part of the 19th century a small Arab fishing village was planted here, a few Jewish families settled, and a glass factory, making bottles for the wine industry of the Jewish agricultural villages, was erected by the sea. Now the Arabs have fled. But a new settlement of Israelis is spreading over the dunes. They are Jews coming mainly from Greece, but a few from England. Some are building boats, some reclaiming the land, and growing in the marshy fields the papyrus plant which gave wealth to the Phoenicians. For Phoenician Byblos was the market of that export precious in Antiquity, and it gave to the Greek and to our language the word Bible, meaning originally the book of papyrus. Today the archaeologists of Israel are exploring the Phoenician and Hellenistic ruins on the promontory.

Jaffa, once the chief port of southern Canaan and the only port of the

Hebrew kingdom on the Mediterranean, is today merged in the vast urban complex of Tel-Aviv, Israel's 'great wen'. Its vigorous municipality is eagerly seeking credentials of antiquity; and the archæologists have unearthed relics of Phœnician and Canaanite settlements where the River Yarkon flows into the sea north of the town. They have found sure signs of the smelting of the copper which the Phœnicians brought there from Cyprus, the copper island.

The southernmost port town of Israel on the Mediterranean coast is Ascalon, now known as Ashkelon—its Hebrew Bible name. We associate it with the Philistines and with Herod, who was born there; but it has a more ancient Phœnician past. And today after 700 blank years, when the ruins of its temples and its fortress walls were buried under the sands, it is again a busy Semitic town. Jews of South Africa have built there a garden suburb, which might have been transplanted from the Cape Colony, and they are mingled with Jews of North Africa, Asia and Europe, crowded into a derelict Arab village of Mejdél (Migdal). So the hundred miles stretch of coast, from the Ladder of Tyre to the border of Gaza, is today springing to life, a hive of industry and trade, a fruitful strip of orchard and cultivation, and a meeting place of East and West.

NORMAN BENTWICH.

18th CENTURY ANGLO-FRENCH CONTACTS

II

Far more Englishmen visited France in the eighteenth century than Frenchmen England. The English Milord, travelling in his own carriage as he made the Grand Tour, was welcomed in French inns, not merely because his purse was well filled but because he represented a country famed for its liberty and prosperity. In the era of *Anglomanie* English celebrities who had made their name or were about to make it found all doors open to them in *la ville lumière*, the intellectual capital of the Continent.

No Englishman knew French society so intimately as Horace Walpole. While visitors were occasionally seen in the salons he alone could claim to be a *habitué*. That he was the wealthy son of a Prime Minister and a nephew of the British Ambassador gave him a good start, but it would not have carried him very far in a world where ability counted for more than birth, and where an illegitimate like d'Alembert could rise to the highest posts in the academic world. No one could have been more different from the full-blooded Sir Robert, lover of good cheer, country sports and the knockabout of parliamentary warfare, than his younger son, delicate in looks and health, lover of things of the mind, a born student, and a letter-writer worthy to rank with Cicero and Erasmus, Mme. de Sévigné and Voltaire. Macaulay did him less than justice when he charged him with thinking everything great to be little, everything little to be great, and trifles serious business. Interested and well-informed about everything, including politics, though he had no political ambitions.

he admired French culture and the cosmopolitan society which Paris offered in the Age of Enlightenment.

His first glimpse of France was at the beginning of the Grand Tour of 1739-41 when the young man of twenty-two and his friend Thomas Gray visited Paris and Rheims *en route* for Italy. Macaulay's description of Lord Chesterfield as a man of the world among men of letters and a man of letters among men of the world is equally applicable to the dilettante politician who sat in Parliament without a break for 27 years. Not till 1765 did he revisit the country which was to mean so much to him for the rest of his long life. Carrying introductions to Mme. Geoffrin and Mme. du Deffand, he found all doors wide open. Now a man of 48, his sociable temperament, range of information and manifold interests made him run after—in his own words—as if he were an African Prince. Though Mme. Geoffrin won his respect by her solid good sense, he found her *Philosophes* rather a trial, preferring the salon of Mme. du Deffand of which he became the brightest ornament. "I am in your debt", he wrote to George Selwyn who had given him an introduction, "for making over Mme. du Deffand to me. She is delicious—that is as often as I can get her 50 years back. But she is as eager about what happens every day as I am about the last century. I sup there twice a week and bear all her company for the sake of the Regent". The reference to the Regent was due to the fact that in her youth she had been one of his innumerable mistresses for a brief period.

Horace Walpole entered her life at a moment when her quarrel with Mlle. du Lespinasse had led to the departure of d'Alembert and other *habitués* and left an aching void in her heart and mind. President Hénault, her partner of many years in a *liaison de convenance*, was growing deaf and somnolent, and could no longer dispel the boredom felt by the old lady nearing seventy who had lost her sight. Her salon was her life, and within a year of the stormy parting scene she found a deeper happiness than she had ever known in a quasi-maternal friendship with an Englishman whose face she never saw. It was her Indian Summer, and though her new friend felt genuine affection for his hostess, the association meant infinitely more to her than to him. "She is very old and stone blind", he reported to Gray, "but retains all her vivacity, wit, judgment, memory, passion and agreeableness. She goes to operas, plays, suppers and Versailles, gives suppers twice a week, has everything new read to her, makes new songs and epigrams admirably, and remembers every one that has been made these last four-score years. She corresponds with Voltaire, dictates charming letters to him, contradicts him, is no bigot to him or anybody, and laughs both at the clergy and the *Philosophes*. In a dispute into which she easily falls she is very warm and yet convincing, even when she is wrong. Her judgment on every subject is as just as possible, on every point of conduct as wrong as possible, for she is all love and hatred; passionate to her friends to enthusiasm; still anxious to be loved—I don't mean by lovers—and a vehement enemy, but openly". Visiting the wittiest woman in France every day, he prolonged his sojourn to seven months.

On parting early in 1766 the friends began a correspondence which continued till her death in 1780. Copious selections from her letters were published in 1810 by Agnes Berry, his literary executor, and extracts from his letters were quoted in the notes. A far more complete collection was edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee in three stout volumes a century later, and the definitive text fills five volumes in the sumptuous Yale edition. Even now the collection is incomplete, for only about 1,000 of the estimated 1,700 of her letters survive, while of Walpole's letters, estimated at about 700, only about 100, mostly in brief fragments, are available. Some are taken from Mrs. Berry's footnotes, and fourteen from copies made by the French Secret Police and discovered in the Police Archives in Paris. Some may have been destroyed by Mme. du Deffand at his request, for he dreaded unfriendly comments in the salons on his friendship and his French. Most of them were doubtless burned by Miss Berry at his request.

She called him her dear tutor and once he addressed her, to her great joy, *ma chère petite*. While she allowed her heart to speak, he never allowed her to know how fond of her he was. He constantly urged her to bridle her emotions and she chided him for his reserve. "You have one failing", she wrote, "the fear of ridicule". He confessed she was right, explaining that since he ceased to be young he had a horrible fear of being a ridiculous old man. She tried to meet his complaints, assuring him: *Je serais votre mère*. In truth she regarded him as her devoted son, and he described her to a friend as "this best and sincerest of friends who loves me as my mother did". When she lost her pension he begged her permission to make it up, an offer valued but declined. "She loves me better than all France", he confided to a friend. Her closing years were sweetened by two more visits and by his weekly letters. She left him her books, papers and a gold box with a portrait of Tonton, her adored little dog, who found a new home at Strawberry Hill. "I loved her most affectionately and sincerely", he wrote to a friend, "I admired her infinitely and my gratitude is without words". She comes best out of the correspondence, and Lytton Strachey goes so far as to say that it leaves a very damaging impression of Horace Walpole. His censure, I feel, is too severe, but I wish he had been less inclined to rebuke her occasional exuberance and to stint the tender phrases which would have brought solace to her hungry soul. There was not the slightest danger in opening their hearts to each other, for the blind old lady had long outlived the passions of youth and he had never known them.

Of the distinguished British visitors none spent so much time in France as David Hume, the greatest of British thinkers, and for almost a century the most widely read of our historians. His first visit, 1734-7, took place when, at the age of 23 he felt in need of a quiet period for study, shielded from the distractions of the homeland. The time was well spent, for it was then that he composed his chief philosophical work, *A Treatise on Human Nature*. He arrived in the capital shortly after the excitement aroused by the curious phenomena at the tomb of Abbé Paris. Though Jansenism was frowned on by the Court, the Hierarchy and the Jesuits,

the Jansenist priest had gathered round him devoted disciples who flocked to his grave to pray for his soul. In an atmosphere of mass emotion, anticipating the scenes at Lourdes, the sick were cured and the blind recovered their sight. Fearing a revival of the Jansenist heresy the Government closed the cemetery and the miracles ceased, but they were still the talk of the town when Hume arrived. He proceeded to study the evidence for the strange happenings, concluded that they were impostures, and embodied his reflections in his *Essay on Miracles*, the best known of his philosophical writings. Miracles, he concluded, did not occur; they were supernormal, not supernatural. The challenge to authority inaugurated on the Continent by Bayle had grown into the so-called Enlightenment, in which Hume took his place at the side of Lessing, Voltaire and the Encyclopédistes. After a spell in the stimulating air of the capital he withdrew to the peace of Rheims, thence to La Flèche in Anjou, renowned for its Jesuit College where Descartes had studied. One of the staff informed him that 'some nonsensical miracles' had recently occurred there. After three stimulating years abroad he returned home with an abiding interest in the life and thought of France.

The first visit was followed by the War of the Austrian Succession, which lasted eight years, and the Seven Years War which ended in 1763. On the return of peace he was invited by the new British Ambassador, Lord Hertford, to become his secretary. The offer was accepted, and he was soon promoted to an official position as Secretary of Embassy and *Chargé d'Affaires* when his chief was away. By this time his name was familiar as the author of the first History of England to be widely read both at home and abroad, nowhere more than in France, where a translation of his volumes on the Tudors and the Stuarts became a best seller. He was lionised in the salons of Mme. Geoffrin and Mlle. Lespinasse, and was received by the Dauphin at Versailles. What a large heart he possessed was proved when Rousseau sought his protection. No two men could be more different in social background, ideology or temperament than the British Tory and the Genevese democrat, the British sceptic and the theist author of *Emile*, the polished man of the world and the moody Bohemian. It was enough for Hume that the author of *Le Contrat Social* was in distress, and without hesitation he promised him shelter in England. First impressions were extremely favourable. 'The celebrated Rousseau,' he reported, 'has rejected invitations from half the kings and princes of Europe to put himself under my protection. I find him popular in Paris, especially among the ladies. He is mild, gentle, modest, good-humoured, much like Socrates.' They crossed together in January, 1766, when Hume's term of office in Paris expired. The tragicomedy which followed has been described in a previous article.

Gibbon's first sight of France was in 1753 when the lad of sixteen was *en route* to Lausanne. During the following five years under the roof of Pastor Pavillard he quickly abandoned the Catholic faith which had attracted him at Oxford, fell in love with Suzanne Curchod, 'sighed as a lover and obeyed as a son' when his father threatened to stop his allowance, and, in his own words, learned to think in French. Ten years after his first

crossing of the Channel he paid his first visit to Paris where he could hold his own with the best talkers at the dinner tables and in the salons.

February 12th, 1763 (to his step-mother). 'Paris in most respects has fully answered my expectations. I have a number of very good acquaintances which increase every day, for nothing is so easy as making them here. Instead of complaining of the want of them I begin already to think of making a choice. Next Sunday, for instance, I have only three invitations to dinner. We may say what we please of the frivolity of the French, but in a fortnight in Paris I have heard more conversation worth remembering and seen more men of letters among the people of fashion than in two or three winters in London. Among my acquaintances I cannot help mentioning M. Helvétius, author of the famous book *de l'Esprit*. I met him at dinner at Mme. Geoffrin's, where he took great notice of me, made me a visit next day, and has since treated me not in a polite but a friendly manner. Besides being a sensible man he has a very pretty wife, 100,000 livres a year, and one of the best tables in Paris. To the great civility of this foreigner, who was not obliged to take the least notice of me, I must contrast the behaviour of the Duke of Bedford (the British Ambassador). I presented my letter from the Duke of Richmond. He received me civilly. I would apply to him whenever I wanted assistance, and thus dismissed me. I have not heard of him since. Indeed I have often blushed for him, for I find his stateliness and avarice make him the joke of Paris. Instead of keeping open table, he hardly asks anybody.'

February 24th, 1763 (to his father). 'I have now passed a month in this place, and it has answered my most sanguine expectations. I have found several houses where it is both very easy and very agreeable to be acquainted. Lady Harvey's recommendation to Mme. Geoffrin was a most excellent one. Her house is a very good one; regular dinners there every Wednesday and the best company of Paris in men of letters and men of fashion. It was at her house that I connected myself with M. Helvétius. At his home I was introduced to Baron D'Olbach, a man of parts and fortune and has two dinners every week. Next Sunday we go to Versailles.'

March 25th, 1763 (to his step-mother). 'I find my conquests multiply every day. I am sorry for the honour of my country, and see how contemptible a figure he (the British Ambassador) makes among our late enemies and constant rivals. My only comfort is that the national character is as much revered as his is despised. What Cromwell wished is now literally the case. The name of Englishman inspires as great an idea at Paris as that of Rome at Carthage after the defeat of Hannibal. Indeed the French are almost excessive from being very unjustly esteemed as a set of pirates and barbarians. We are now by a more agreeable injustice looked upon as a nation of philosophers and patriots.'

Suzanne Curchod, the Swiss pastor's penniless daughter whom he had hoped to marry, found a more eligible partner in Necker, a German banker who migrated from Switzerland to Paris, and rose to be Finance Minister under Louis XVI. Her correspondence reveals that she had cared for the young Englishman far more than he for her. They met again in 1776, a year memorable for both parties: for the historian owing to the

publication of the first portion of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, for her as the date of her husband's appointment to succeed Turgot. When the Neckers crossed the Channel in the spring accompanied by their precocious daughter of fourteen, the future Mme. de Stael, Gibbon strove to make their visit a success.

April 26th, 1776 (to his step-mother). 'I am a good deal taken up with the Neckers. We are really glad to see one another, but she is no longer a beauty.'

May 20th, 1776 (to Holroyd). 'I am very busy with the Neckers. I live just as I used to do twenty years ago and oblige her to become a simple reasonable Swiss lady. The man, who might read English husbands lessons of proper and dutiful behaviour, is a sensible good-natured creature.'

May 24th, 1776 (to his step-mother). 'My afternoons have been a good deal devoted to Mme. Necker. She and her husband leave this country next Tuesday, entertained with the island and owning that the barbarous people have been very kind to them. Do you know that they have almost extorted from me a promise to make them a short visit to Paris in the autumn?'

If Gibbon's first visit to Paris in 1763 had been a success, the second, in 1777, was a triumph, for his book had won him an European reputation. To his stepmother, who expressed apprehension about his plans, he explained that he would not live with the Neckers, adding that she was 'very far from being an object of desire or scandal'. Far from being a temptress, she was regarded in certain circles as a Puritan and a prude and the Necker *ménage* as a rare example of domestic felicity. 'My second excursion to Paris,' he records in his Memoirs, 'was determined by the pressing invitation of M. and Mme. Necker, who had visited England in the previous summer. On my arrival I found M. Necker, Director-General of the Finances, in the first glow of power and popularity. His private fortune enabled him to support a liberal establishment, and his wife, whose talents and virtues I had long admired, was admirably qualified to preside in the conversation of her table and drawing-room. As their friend I was introduced to the best company of both sexes, to the Foreign Ministers of all nations, and to the first names and characters in France who distinguished me by such marks of civility and kindness as gratitude will not allow me to forget nor modesty to enumerate.'

The visit, which lasted from May to October, is much more fully described in his letters. He wrote to the Neckers from his hotel on the evening of his arrival, and a month later reported his impressions to his closest friend Holroyd, later Lord Sheffield, his literary executor. 'My reception by the Neckers very far surpasses my most sanguine expectations. I dine and sup with them almost every day.' Horace Walpole had given him an introduction to Mme. du Deffand, 'an agreeable young lady of 82', and he was presented at Court. 'They pretend to like me, and whatever you may think of French professions I am convinced some at least are sincere. I feel myself easy and happy in their company.'

July 24th. 'My connection with the Neckers who every day acquire more power and deserve more respects, opened the doors to me, and I seldom dine or sup at my hotel.'

August 13th. 'The more I see Paris, the more I like it.'

September 1st (to his step-mother). 'M. Necker has not yet discovered any signs of jealousy. I love him on his own account.'

'She was very fond of me,' he reported to Holroyd after the visit, 'and the husband particularly civil. She asked me every evening to supper. Afterwards he goes to bed and leaves me alone with his wife. It is making an old lover of mighty little consequence. She is as handsome as ever and much genteeler; seems pleased with her fortune rather than proud of it.' Her very frank report reveals that she had not wholly forgiven the friend who had jilted her in the days of her obscurity. 'I have seen Gibbon,' she confided to a friend, 'and it has given me immense pleasure. Not that I still retain any feeling for a man who I believe does not deserve it. Never has my feminine vanity had a more complete or honourable triumph. He has become gentle, humble, bashful.'

The greatest of our political thinkers was no traveller or linguist, and he only paid one visit to France; but that brief experience proved a milestone in the evolution of the father of the European counter-revolution. The date was 1773, the last year of Louis XV, no longer *Le Bien-aimé* but the shameless slave of Mme. du Barry. What little Burke saw of the country he liked. 'The clergy, in all their forms,' he wrote in his *Reflections on the French Revolution* published in 1790, 'engaged a considerable part of my curiosity. I received a perfectly good account of their morals and their attention to their duties. With some of the higher clergy I had a personal acquaintance, almost all of noble birth. They seemed to me liberal and open, with hearts of gentlemen and men of honour.'

The most abiding memory of his visit was of Marie Antoinette at the age of eighteen, whom he saluted in the most celebrated passage of his book. 'It is now 16 or 17 years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphine, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendour and joy. Oh! what a revolution! And what a heart I must have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream that, when she added the titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic and respectful love, she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom. Little did I dream that I should live to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, a nation of men of honour and cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords would have leapt from their scabbards to avenge even a look which threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever.' When Sir Philip Francis scoffed at the 'foppery' of this tribute to a woman whom he dismissed as 'a Messalina and a jade', Burke replied: 'I tell you again that the recollection of the Queen of France in 1773, and the contrast between that brilliance, splendour and beauty with the prostrate homage of a nation to her, and the abominable scene of 1789 which I was describing did draw tears from me and wetted my paper. These tears came again when I looked at the description, and they may again.'

The meditations of the eloquent Irishman were received with praise from the Right and an explosion from the Left. 'Burke's book is the most admirable medicine against the French disease,' wrote Gibbon; 'I admire his eloquence and his politics, I adore his chivalry, and I can even forgive his superstition.' George III said that every gentleman ought to read it, and Catherine the Great switched her allegiance from Montesquieu to Burke. Such eulogies were countered by Tom Paine's best-seller *The Rights of Man*, in which, with obvious reference to the panegyric on the unhappy Queen, he charged the author with 'pitying the plumage and forgetting the dying bird'. Soon after the publication of Burke's *Reflections* Anglo-French contacts were transferred from the drawing-rooms and dinner tables to the battlefields and the high seas.

G. P. GOOCH.

THE ICELAND PROBLEM

ICELAND, abounding in hot springs and volcanoes, was threatened with a political explosion. For the moment the danger has been averted. The coalition of Centre and Leftist parties, which included the Communists, has been replaced by a minority government of the Socialdemocrats led by Emil Jonsson, with parliamentary support by the Conservative Independence Party which was backed by 42% of the electorate but did not obtain a great many seats in the last elections due to the fact that preference was given to the thinly populated rural areas. Regardless of the duration of this emergency solution, we can draw from it some interesting political conclusions. As recently as 1956, the farmers' Progressive Party with its interest in co-operatives as well as the Socialdemocrats, preferred the Communists to the Conservatives as coalition partners. The extreme left-wing Ministers had been given what seemed harmless, even non-political portfolios—Welfare, and the combined resorts of trade and fisheries. Moreover, the Socialist Unity Party, as the Communists call themselves in Iceland, seemed open to concessions. Nominally independent of Moscow and the Communist International, they donned a rose-coloured cloak. Nevertheless, they secretly continued to pursue their goal of effecting Iceland's withdrawal from NATO. Only five jet plane hours separate New York and Keflavik, and the distance to Moscow is even less. On the northern route Iceland is the only interim stop. In addition, this barren island jutting out from the sea also has significance as a potential naval base. It is a well-known fact that during World War II, a substantial part of American aid to Soviet Russia was channelled through Icelandic waters.

Today, moreover, the four NATO radar stations on Iceland have become vital links in the network which extends as far North as ultima Thule, in Greenland. In 1940, when the British came to Iceland to forestall Hitler, following his occupation of Denmark and Norway, they built an airfield in Keflavik, despite the handicap of high winds which whipped across it most of the time. A year later they were followed by the Americans—interestingly enough, even before Pearl Harbour. At times the island looked like a military camp with 60,000 troops, forcing, in several small places, the

civilians to play the rôle of a minority.* This situation engendered certain complexes. Around the year 1000, Leif Erikson, an Icelandic Viking, is supposed to have discovered America. He was followed by many of his countrymen who, however, met with native resistance and eventually gave up. Today it is the other way round, as some Icelanders say ironically. They hope confidently that the Americans might soon leave the island in the face of native resistance. They maintain a tactful silence, however, in regard to the resulting influx of dollars, although this is partly responsible for the general prosperity. At the time of the Korean War, Iceland allowed a contingent of 5-6,000 Americans to re-man the Keflavik base. This represented the only contribution of this NATO member which had very reluctantly given up its former maxim of neutrality and which has failed to this day either to introduce conscription or even to maintain a symbolic army. The Marshall Plan, American loans, credits and subsidies all helped to ease the financial difficulties of this small country. Furthermore, the maintenance of the base and continuous contracts awarded to Icelandic firms for its expansion resulted in a constant flow of hard currency to the island. The contractors became rich in the process and the workers received record wages. Thanks to American aid, it was possible to set up an electricity plant, a cement factory and various other industries, in order to avoid the dangers of depending practically only on the fishing industry. Yet all these advantages, while accepted, did not eliminate Iceland's xenophobia which was almost automatically transferred to the Americans from the island's former masters, the Danes (they remained in possession until 1918, and the personal union between Denmark and Iceland was not dissolved until 1944).

Isolated and quite primitive in technical matters, until the Second World War, the Icelandic population clung tenaciously to their traditions and always belonged to the best educated peoples in the world. Their sagas and ballads remain the favourite literature, and their style still influences modern writers and even newspaper and radio reporters. At the same time there is a rapidly growing tendency towards materialism. People chase after money, buy more and more cars, and are constantly trying to improve their housing and living standards. In Reykjavik alone, with its 60,000 inhabitants, there are now at least 8,000 cars. While adopting the American way of life, the Icelanders hate themselves for doing so and compensate this inner conflict by cultivating antagonism against America. For the Allied troops in Keflavik this has unpleasant results. They are naturally aware of the importance of their service, but do not feel too happy about it. The term "Keflavik Ghetto" is generally accepted. The camp is surrounded by barbed wire fences, and the entrances are closely guarded by Icelandic police. Leave to visit Reykjavik, which is reached in an hour's drive, is granted only about once every six months and never lasts beyond midnight. Thus, although Americans in uniform are hardly ever seen, a campaign was instigated against them which was clearly reflected in the recent election propaganda. The Communists demanded their withdrawal, while the Progressive and Socialdemocratic Parties proposed a far-reaching revision of

* Iceland has 160,000 inhabitants.

the Keflavik Agreement. The Hungarian events, however, came as a timely warning so that the situation remained virtually unchanged, except that the period of giving notice to end the agreement was reduced from one year to six months.

However, Iceland's Communist Minister of Fisheries, Ludwik Josefson, was familiar with the mentality of his compatriots. He shrewdly assumed the rôle of economic expert, refusing interviews on political issues as being "no authority" on such questions. His real aim was to restore Soviet prestige. Rubles from Moscow were to obliterate the memories of Hungary. Fish, which comprise 97% of Iceland's exports, had little interest for the United States, whose methods of fishing and processing are more modern and economical than Iceland's. This fact provided Josefson with the bait with which the Kremlin was hoping to hook Iceland's fishermen. To them, everything is centered on fishing, which has become almost a kind of myth, against which American loans and credits fade into insignificance. The Russians bought the fish at very favourable terms, sending consumer goods in return. Iceland grasped this opportunity eagerly, since everything but fish and some sheep products has to be imported. After this success, Josefson went a step further. Ignoring the protests of some other states, he proclaimed an extension of Icelandic sovereignty to twelve sea miles instead of the previous four. West German and other fishermen withdrew, but the British stayed, with the backing of their Navy. This conflict developed into a sort of operatic warfare, though the Icelanders take it extremely seriously. Josefson took advantage of the widespread feeling of anger and indignation. He threatened that Iceland would have to reconsider her NATO membership if her vital interests were not being taken into account. NATO membership, of course, spells out Keflavik.

Aside from economic and social factors, it was this political moment which helped to precipitate the coalition crisis, even though no reference was made to it openly. The leaders of the Progressive and Socialdemocratic Parties, too, conducted a rather vociferous propaganda, if only to take some wind out of the sails of their coalition partners on the extreme Left. They are too rational and too well trained politically, however, to draw practical conclusions from the mood of the masses. Outside the rhetoric of party mass meetings they are undoubtedly well aware of the value of NATO and of the material advantages derived from the presence of the Americans. The Conservative Independence Party, under the leadership of former Premier Olafur Thors, shows this tendency more openly, since it always pursued a pro-NATO line, along with the readiness to accept certain disadvantages and inconveniences which are the inevitable concomitants of the presence of any foreign troops. Hence, when no other alternative was possible, they supported the formation of a Socialdemocratic minority cabinet as the lesser evil, compared to a new government which would include the Socialist Unity Party. The Socialdemocratic leaders themselves must have realised that it is not possible, in the long run, to collaborate with Communists without being swept into a totalitarian course. Whether, and to what extent, the rather left-wing trade unions may oppose this realisation remains to be seen. By accepting the responsibility the

Socialdemocratic Party has demonstrated its political maturity. The programme it has adopted will put it to a severe test. In previous years the Party's position was repeatedly weakened in favour of the Communists as a result of similar tasks, or through unpopular coalitions. It has been stated explicitly that no changes will be made in the foreign policy nor in the twelve-mile limit. The British appear to be more accessible to a compromise since Josefson's resignation. Above and beyond this, however, it would be important to find ways and means of disentangling the politically valuable Icelandic fish from the finely woven network of its Soviet buyer, in the pose of neutrality and friendship. If certain sacrifices have to be made in the interest of Western defence, this should be no hindrance. On the international scale, the Icelandic market is so minute that an unprofitable trade agreement would in all probability come cheaper than a programme of direct and indirect aid which is being persistently disregarded.

A. J. FISCHER.

KENNETH GRAHAME CENTENARY

KENNETH GRAHAME'S life was a comparatively uneventful one. Born in Edinburgh in 1859, he entered the Bank of England when he was 20. During the 'eighties he wrote a number of essays, falling to some extent under the sway of W. E. Henley, who was responsible for sponsoring his work in the *National Observer*. This resulted in 1893 in his publishing a collection of essays under the title of *Pagan Papers*. In this collection there also appeared some sections which two years later he incorporated in his first book *about and for children*; and it was this book, *The Golden Age*, which drew forth Swinburne's comment: "Well-nigh too praiseworthy for praise." Then in 1898—the year in which he was appointed Secretary to the Bank of England—he brought out a sequel. Inevitably, as in the case of sequels, the public were disappointed with *Dream Days*. Edward of *The Golden Age* had gone to school, and time alone has restored it to its rightful place as a children's classic, as time alone a decade later was to do the same thing for *The Wind and the Willows*.

For *The Wind and the Willows* was far more than "a series of imaginative nature sketches", which is how George Sampson described it in the *English Concise Cambridge History of English Literature*: it was a plea with W. H. Davies "to stand and stare"; to see

when woods we pass

Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

Certainly it was a poor life if there were

No time to turn at Beauty's glance

And watch her feet, how they can dance.

Yet Grahame never forsook reality, or buried himself away. On the contrary, all during this time he was working at the Bank of England—and there is a lot to be said for the travelling which a regular job entails; the discipline keeps you in contact with people and the preciosity that so often attends people who retire to garrets, not through necessity but through

choice, is missing. For the latter look down on the world and become eye-minded. (It is what accounts for the prevalent cult of the image in modern poetry.) "But I am not a professional writer," Grahame would emphasize. "I never have been, and I never will be, by reason of the accident that I don't need any money." Nor did he care for notoriety. "If I should ever become a popular author, my privacy would be disrupted and I should no longer be allowed to live alone." So the question arose:

What, then, is the use of writing for a person like myself? The answer might seem cryptic to most. It is merely that a fellow entertains a sort of hope that somehow, sometime, he may build a noble sentence that might make Sir Thomas Browne sit upward once again in that inhospitable grave of his in Norwich.

Men had belied their natures; they had suffered the domestication of the miracle of life. In children the sense of the miraculous remained, and through them it *might* be restored. The waterways that led to Toad's Hall were also symbolic: they were the springs of life.

Those of the river and its whereabouts would not tolerate bureaucracy. As Toad reflects after one of his escapades: "It was hard . . . to be within sight of safety and almost of home, and to be baulked by the pettifogging mistrustfulness of paid officials." Again, another lap nearer home, he finds he is being pursued, and the engine-driver in terms closely similar to those which Toad would use, catalogues the pursuers. There are men like ancient warders, waving halberts; policemen in their helmets, waving truncheons; and shabbily dressed men in pot-hats, obvious and unmistakable plain clothes detectives . . . waving revolvers and walking sticks . . .

The 'nineties were a period of transition, and it was against this transition that *The Wind and the Willows* was composed. If it was the age of Dowson and Arthur Machen, it was as well the age of H. G. Wells and the young Shaw. It is with a certain irony that at the end of the sixth chapter one learns that Toad "was a helpless prisoner in the remotest dungeon of the best guarded keep of the stoutest castle in all the length and breadth of Merry England." The England of which Grahame was writing was a changing England and, in so localizing the scene and playing tricks with time-sequences, he was able, steering between reality and fantasy, to play the satirist—though this was not his primary rôle. It was incidental to his main intention which was to restore sound to prose; to make words something more than sentences glimpsed "on the run" by men travelling up and down to the City. This meant capturing the music, magic and beauty of the world; of transposing the taken for granted with the literal; of letting the miraculous reappear where custom has dulled wonderment. The stress is on *being*. "I'm going to make an *animal* of you, my boy," says Toad to Ratty in just the same way as a father will say to his son, "this—or that—is going to make a *man* of you." "Every animal by instinct, lives according to his nature": the characteristics of Grahame's different animals are built up on this principle, so that before the grand Banquet begins, which is to celebrate the defeat of the weasels and stoats, it is not surprising to find that Toad "dipped his hairbrush in the water-jug, parted his hair in

the middle, and plastered it down very straight and sleek on each side of his face": the action is in keeping with the character.

Doubtless it is touches such as these which eventually won such popularity for the book after a slow start. They are a recurring factor of which suffice it here to quote two last representative examples. They both concern Ratty:

And when the ducks stood on their heads suddenly, as ducks will, he would dive down and tickle their necks, just under where their chins would be if ducks had chins, till they were forced to come to the surface again in a hurry, spluttering and angry and shaking their feathers at him, for it is impossible to say quite *all* when your head is under water.

"What's up, Ratty?" asked the Mole.

"*Snow*, is up," replied the Rat briefly; "or rather, *down*. It's snowing hard."

In each passage there is a noticeable choice of the appropriate phrase; in each of them there is a delicate sense of rhythm—qualities which Grahame believed his contemporary, Austin Dobson, to possess to the full. Nor was the admiration one-sided. For some recognized Grahame's own cadenced prose and hailed it: but they were few. Most people came simply to be fascinated by the subject matter, and because the artistry was so exquisite they mistook it for being "divinely artless". That was their compliment—a children's compliment which time has endorsed. Yet for those who knew the author he had another story to tell, another last word to add. "A large amount of what Thoreau called life went into the making of those playful pages. For," as he continued,

to toil at making sentences means to sit indoors for many hours, cramped above a desk. Yet, out of doors, the wind may be singing through the willows, and my favourite sow may be preparing to deliver a large litter in the fulness of the moon.

NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE.

PLIGHT OF CHINA'S REFUGEES

A NEW crisis overhangs the 9,000-odd European refugees who are seeking United Nations help to get out of Communist China. The Government in Peking is threatening deportation of the refugees through Shanghai, as part of a general drive to remove those who cannot become useful workers, and because the UN refugee agencies have been too slow in planning their exit and placement. Most of these refugees are destitute and are Russians who fled 40 years ago when the Soviets came to power. These "Old Believers" became stranded on the Chinese mainland when it came under Communist domination. The United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees has already evacuated 12,000 Europeans during the last six years, and there are funds to get 950 more out soon; but 9,000 will be left behind unless the evacuation can be completed by the end of this year.

The "Old Believers" are a somewhat curious survival of old-world Russia. As a religious entity they are a throwback to the early Seventeenth Century, when they refused to accept certain reforms in the Russian Orthodox liturgy. Today, they are as tough as ever; they never smoke or drink alcohol, and have scant use for soft-living or ceremony. Those who live through childhood are healthy and generally live to an old age, without medicine or treatment by doctors, except in cases of accident. No wonder they survived the Russian Communist Revolution and a trek across Asia! But, now, their one hope of survival is a Twentieth Century existence across the oceans. The Sect has no priests. They inter-marry only among themselves, and births, weddings and deaths are recorded by the "elders" of the isolated farm communities in which they have been living since the Revolution in 1917, when they crossed into North China and settled near Harbin. With their traditional skill as dairy farmers, beekeepers and cattle breeders, the Old Believers managed through hard work and thrift to achieve a modest degree of prosperity even in revolutionary and much disturbed China. Now it is 1917 all over again—and time to move once more. The early problem of the refugee organisations was to obtain an exit permit. Prior to 1956, delays were the order of the day. But last year the Chinese authorities began to issue exit permits as soon as proof was produced that *another country was willing to open its gates*. With the Chinese 5-year plan and communalisation going fast ahead, the Government wants to see the back of these strict non-conformists as quickly as possible. Most of the refugees so far removed have gone to Brazil and Australia, both of which countries have reported that they have made excellent settlers. Difficult cases requiring medical or hospital care have gone to the Scandinavian countries, Switzerland and Belgium.

The two international bodies which, jointly, operate these complicated refugee programmes are the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration, which tackles the transport problem, and the UN High Commission. "ICEM" is already a household name in many thousands of European migrants' homes across the world. Seven years old, it will be holding its tenth session at its home station in Geneva, Switzerland, this month. It has branch offices in the twenty-seven nations, and these national groups make up the International Committee. High on the agenda is this urgent question of how to break the bottleneck in Hong Kong, and get the 9,000 waiting refugees through. The British authorities are unwilling to allow a further intake of refugees in already overcrowded Hong Kong, until the backlog now lingering there has been cut down. But, lacking assurance of future funds, ICEM has been forced to curtail booking on ships, thus narrowing still further the bottleneck. Instead of passing through in three weeks, many refugees have already been waiting for months. This disruption of the timetable arranged two years back and the potential influx from Shanghai, have put an unexpected strain on the money which the other big refugee organization, the UN High Commission, had earmarked for the maintenance of refugees in transit. The Head of the Joint Office, maintained in Hong Kong by ICEM and the High Commission, has announced that at least four million dollars are needed to complete this

operation. Apart from money, additional aircraft and shipping space will be desperately needed in the next few months.

Dr. August R. Lindt, the High Commissioner for Refugees, has uttered frequent public appeals and begun quiet negotiations to obtain some of the funds necessary to continue the transportation scheme. The United States contributed \$450,000 to ICEM last year for handling its Far Eastern Operation, as it is termed, but not all of the U.S. contributions can be used, under U.S. foreign air regulations, unless they are matched by contributions from other governments. Further support from other governments, private organizations, and individuals is slowly coming in, however, but continuance of the Far Eastern Operation on the scale originally needed is still in jeopardy. Dr. Edgar Chandler, Director of the Refugee Service of the World Council of Churches, reported recently that his organization had secured the backing of the Brazilian Government for a new resettlement programme to absorb all the six hundred refugees originally scheduled last year to go to Paraguay, but who had been held up so long. With the co-operation of the Government, the World Council of Churches is buying a six thousand-acre tract of fertile farm land in the Province of Parana. When all the refugees reach the spot, this will be the largest single settlement of Old Believers outside Russia, and it will also be the largest refugee settlement of any kind in South America. Dr. Edgar Chandler, representing all the private agencies co-operating in the effort, paid high tribute to Brazil for its willingness to accept for resettlement the Old Believers group. "In the past ten years," he stated, "about ten thousand of these European refugees from the mainland have been resettled successfully. The fact that our experience with them has been uniformly good in varying climates and in such different countries as Australia and Venezuela, makes us hopeful that resettlement opportunities will be found for all. Another factor that makes me hopeful is the variety of occupations represented in the group still without visas. Apart from farmers, there are carpenters, dressmakers and tailors, locksmiths and mechanics, to mention a few."

The UN High Commissioner's Office is participating to the extent of providing the cost of maintaining each refugee for the first three months after his arrival, namely a sum of \$207 per head. En route to Brazil, the ICEM has arranged for ships carrying the immigrants to make a special stop at San Francisco, to load agricultural machinery and household equipment so that, upon arrival in Brazil, the new colonists can go immediately into action. It is hoped that the rest of the community, still waiting on the mainland of China, will join the first pioneers who travelled to the New World last year. "No other factor, except lack of sufficient funds," said Dr. August Lindt, the UN High Commissioner, "stands in the way of their final resettlement. Formerly, exit permits and, then, resettlement opportunities were the main difficulties. Now that both of these aspects of the situation appear to be developing favourably, the lack of funds is most regrettable."

JAMES AVERY JOYCE.

United Nations, New York.

THE IMPORTANCE OF ADEN

THE formation of the United Arab Republic in February, 1958, followed by the Middle East crisis later in the year, increased the importance of Aden as a British military base in this troubled corner of the world. Today Aden is one of the few remaining strategic strongholds controlled by the British along the main West to East shipping routes. Its importance cannot be over-estimated as it is the base that protects British oil interests in the Persian Gulf. It is on the regular delivery of these oil supplies that Britain largely depends for the functioning of her economy. The loss of Aden would not only weaken her military position in the Middle East but could jeopardise her whole economy.

Standing on the Southern Arabian coast Aden consists of the fortress colony and the Aden Protectorate. The colony, covering an area of some 75 square miles, is a busy international port with a population of 138,000 consisting of 106,000 Arabs, about 4,000 Europeans, some 10,000 Somalis and 16,000 Indians, the remainder being Yemeni immigrants. About half the labour force are from the Yemen and the Western Protectorate who are mainly employed on various activities in the port which provides employment for about 15 per cent. of the total labour force. Moreover several thousand workers are engaged in the new oil refinery and oil port at Little Aden on the Western peninsula which was completed in July, 1954, and can handle five million tons of crude oil annually. Besides supplying two million tons of oil a year to ships, it produces petrol, kerosine, diesel oil and liquified gas. The colony also has several small industries connected with the entrepot trade, and a variety of commodities are prepared for re-export. The expansion of world trade in recent years has been of economic benefit to the colony, whose importance as a trade centre will increase as a result of the new expansion to the port at a cost of £3.5 million.

Between January, 1947, and January, 1956, the colony was administered by the Governor and a Legislative Council which had no elected members. The first elections were held in December, 1955, and four elected members were placed on the Council. As a result there are now 12 elected members and the Governor's place on the Council has been taken by a Speaker. In future elections will be held every four years.

The Aden Protectorate has a coastline of about 700 miles long and covers an area of some 112,000 square miles with a population of 650,000, mostly poor and illiterate. It is divided into two administrative areas—the Western and the Eastern Protectorate. There are 23 independent Arab States of which 18 are in the Western Protectorate and five in the Eastern, each of which have treaty relations with the United Kingdom Government. The 18 Western States select their own rulers who must be approved by the Governor of Aden. Three of the Eastern States are administered by constitutional rulers assisted by State Councils, while the other two are the Sultanate of Qishn and Socotra. The Protectorate States are not governed by the British quite like a colony, though the United Kingdom Government exercises control over external defence and foreign affairs. Last July the British expelled the Sultan of

Lahej for having foreign contacts without their knowledge, and because of reports of Yemeni infiltration along the Lahej border. The original treaties which the British signed with the Protectorate States were only for protection against external aggression, and little contact was made with the Eastern Protectorate States until the 1930s. However recent years have seen a greater degree of co-operation between the United Kingdom Government and the Protectorate States. This has helped to strengthen their administration and encourage economic development besides bringing the States themselves closer together. A British Agent is stationed in each area to advise the rulers on administration matters when requested. An agreement with the rulers provides for the maintenance of native armed forces by the British for the purposes of internal security.

The United Kingdom Government has also provided economic assistance. Between 1945 and 1955 the Colonial Development and Welfare Fund advanced £500,000, and a further £770,000 has since been allotted for the development of agriculture, communications, health, education and fisheries, but no definite plans have yet been integrated. The most outstanding achievement is the Abyan project in the Western Protectorate. Before work was commenced in 1947 this was a just a desolated coastal plain divided by two rivers. Today a high quality cotton is cultivated, and during 1956-57 production was valued at about £3 millions. The project was made possible through the co-operation of the Arabs with financial help from the Colonial Development and Welfare Fund. It is now run as a triple partnership consisting of local States, landowners and tenants who cultivate it, while a representative of the Protectorate Government sits on the governing body. Although the Arabs are on the whole co-operative, they are held together by their rulers' personality and clan loyalties, and will not tolerate the idea of being ruled by a foreign government. As most of them live in deserts they do not belong to any organised society, and their only real faith is in their rifles. This makes the task of raising them to a higher level of civilisation somewhat difficult, particularly under prevailing circumstances.

The most serious problem facing Aden today is its relationship with the Yemen and the continued Yemeni raids along the border, which are being made with the hope that the Yemen will eventually be successful in its claim to both the Colony and the Protectorate. This claim has been totally rejected by the Aden people who are on the whole satisfied with British rule. But the adherence of the Yemen to the United Arab Republic has created a delicate situation and some political repercussions have arisen. These are not so much the result of the increased Yemeni raids along the border as the continued subversion of dissident tribesmen between the border States and the Colony.

There is no doubt that since the Yemen became a member of the United Arab Republic it has won the loyalty of several South Arabian nationalists. This, coupled with the fact that the Russians have increased the amount of military equipment to the Yemen, has placed it in a position to bribe the Aden tribesmen with arms, ammunition and money if they create trouble in their own State. But for the presence of British

troops their efforts might have been successful. The main purpose of the Yemeni campaign is to win over the confidence of tribesmen loyal to the British. Despite the efforts of the British to raise the living standard of these tribesmen, this anti-British propaganda can be very effective among a society which recognises no obligations and accepts few restraints. In fact, the Protectorate rulers are concerned about elements in Aden working for association with the Yemen, and would like to see the British take stronger military action against the Yemeni raiders.

The Protectorate States are too small and too undeveloped to offer any effective resistance to external aggression without British aid. This was realised when the Yemen intensified its raids after joining the United Arab Republic. The result was that last July the rulers of the Protectorate States or their representatives came to London to discuss the proposals for a federation. In February this year it was announced that six of the Western Protectorate States had decided to federate. These are the amirates of Beihan and Dhala, the sultanates of Audhali and Fedhli and Lower Yafa, and the sheikdom of Upper Aulaqi. These are the majority of the most important States in the Western Protectorate. However, the State of Lahej, the largest in the Protectorate, has not consented to join the federation. This is probably because its pro-Nasser and pro-Yemeni Sultan was exiled last July. The purpose of the federation is to provide better resistance against the repeated Yemeni attacks, which are becoming a constant threat to the economy and trade routes of the Western Protectorate. Britain will provide military and financial assistance. It is hoped that more States will eventually join the federation, but this will largely depend on how far the other States are influenced by the Yemen and Egypt, both of which have tried to prevent the formation of a federation of any kind. Although only a third of the Western Protectorate States are federating, it is a healthy sign that British influence is still being maintained in the area, and which has every opportunity of expanding if the necessary aid is advanced to the States.

Further political repercussions are likely to be caused in the Yemen through the birth of the federation, but these will be unimportant compared with the fact that it will strengthen the British military position in the Middle East, which is essential for political and economic reasons. Furthermore, Aden is likely to become even more important as a military base in the future, particularly if Italian Somalia turns towards the United Arab Republic when it becomes independent next year. Although the new federation will establish British military strength in Aden, the formidable task of winning over the strong Arab nationalists, whose ideas have been fostered by the Russians, still remains. This will require time and patience.

E. H. RAWLINGS.

SEALS

MEASURED in thoughts of evolution, seals did not elect to leave land and live in the sea as early as many other marine going mammals, and it's a wonder that they have adapted themselves so perfectly to their new way of life. There are many species in this 'fin-footed'

family of creatures, and though they vary a great deal all have retained big eyes. By their fixed stare, however, when out of the water, it is not thought that seals have very good eye-sight. In the density of water these fish catchers have no doubt a wide range of vision. Seals, too, have retained the long and sensitive whiskers of land-going predatory animals, and these are a most important factor in detecting the movement of their prey. Some seals have discarded ears, while others have very small pointed ears, so the whiskers of the seal may truly be called its 'ears'. In the course of millions of years bats developed wings from their limbs, and in much the same way the limbs of seals have turned into a fish-like tail to the rear and flippers to the fore. The seal has become a faster and stronger swimmer than its prey. There are differences in anatomical make-up in all species but all have one common factor—the nostrils are surrounded by a 'water-hatch' of constrictor muscles by which the nose is kept closed till required.

When the seal wishes to breathe it simply opens its nostrils, and afterwards they close automatically without any exertion or effort on the part of the animal. The object of the structure is to prevent water from passing into the lungs while the seal is submerged.

The whale too, of course, is faced with the same problem, but it has developed self-acting valves. Seals can stay under for about a quarter of an hour without taking a breath. The peculiar bladder-nosed seal has an extraordinary dilatable sac on its nose, and it was once thought that it was a reservoir of air which the animal used when under water. The sac, however, is only worn by the adult males and is totally absent in the females and young. It is therefore more probably like the comb of a cock—just a sexual ornamentation.

Seals are easily tamed and trained, and the performing seal is a feature of all circuses. Once properly domesticated, a seal will follow a man like a dog, and some have been known to live quite happily in houses. 'The Talking Fish' that created quite a sensation when exhibited for the first time about 50 years ago was in true fact a seal. The best it could do, however, as a vocal performer was to make sounds like *Beer! Beer!* which was nothing more or less than its natural call note.

It seems extraordinary that such a harmless and inoffensive creature as the seal should have caused such a commotion in the rough and tumble of the seas and in world affairs. On more than one occasion the fur-seals have very nearly precipitated wars between maritime and fishing nations. The Common and Grey Seals, that can be seen haunting and hunting along our shores, harbours and estuaries have little commercial value. In fact, they are a curse to net fishermen and kill many salmon as they run up our rivers. The fur-seals, on the other hand, are a boon and a blessing to all who live in cold climates. It looked at one time as if these fur-seals would be exterminated, so great was the slaughter of all kinds of seals, mature and immature, by get-rich-quick adventurers. We receive seal skins from many parts of the world, for seals are great travellers both to northern and southern regions of the world, but the biggest sealing grounds are off the north coast of America.

Evening when the Americans bought the seal fishing rights off Alaska

from the Russians nearly 100 years ago, they found it impossible to guard the seals on the breeding grounds from the pirating raids of well organised poachers. It was not till 1911, when Britain, U.S.A., Japan and Russia got together and fixed a limit to the seals to be killed each year, and no one was allowed to kill seals without a licence, that the industry received a full and successful protection. As the close-packed seal herds arrive, they are carefully shepherded by patrol cutter till they finally reach their destination on the rocky and icebound islands of the Arctic Circle.

This instinctive migration of the fur-seal herds is one of the greatest wonders of nature. The seals winter in the warm waters of the South Pacific, then mystically, on the same day, the urge to breed comes to thousands of seals. Lead by the old bulls, they gather together and begin the journey north to the breeding 'rookeries'. The journey is so expertly timed that the herds arrive at the rendezvous of the Behring Sea and the North American coast at exactly the same time each year.

Bull seals are polygamists and extremely jealous of each other. First they fight for rock space, and having established their territory they scrap for the female of their choice—each picking a harem of about thirty females. No female is allowed to go unmated. It is not surprising that the fur of the old bulls becomes scarred and ripped, and useless from the point of view of a nice fur coat for any woman. It is really, therefore, the bachelor seals of about three or four years old that provide most of the beautiful and unmarked skins for 'the trade'.

In due course each female gives birth to one little white furred pup. At the start the pups are placed in crèches or 'pods' while the female seal, always an excellent mother, goes off to find food and bring it back to her offspring. Though the young pups are alike as two peas in a pod and lie close-packed, the mothers never seem to have any difficulty in picking out their own particular baby. It might be thought that young seals would take to water like ducks, but except in the Common seal species, the pups have to be given swimming lessons and they do not become proficient catchers of fish till they are six weeks old. The young, not much bigger than a beer bottle when born, grow very quickly, and as soon as they are able to look after themselves the parents leave and the young seals disperse over a wide area. It is remarkable that these young seals find their way back in the following spring to the exact island of their birth—perhaps just a speck in the mighty wastes of the Arctic Ocean.

In the autumn, rid of their family responsibilities, the adult seals at once return south to spend the winter in the golden and sun-warmed seas off California.

Even after a seal has been killed and skinned, what a lot has to be done to the skin before it can be transformed into a beautiful fur coat! The trouble is, the seal, like the otter, has two coats—a long outer one of coarse hairs and an undercoat or vest of waterproof short fur next to the skin. In the old days, before an observant skinner made a discovery, all the long hair had to be hand plucked. These hairs are now removed by a very ingenious process. Being longer than the hairs that constitute the real fur, their roots penetrate the skin much more deeply. In order to remove

them, the dresser lays the skin fur downwards and with a long razor-sharp knife, the skin is shaved, cutting it just deep enough to sever the roots of the coarse bristles, without touching those of the finer fur. The unwanted bristles can then easily be brushed out by hand.

When one looks at a sealskin fur coat displayed in a furrier's window, one cannot help but wonder at the marvels of a seal's life . . . at all the carefully timed events in nature that must take place before the female of the human race can be provided with a winter coat by 'the bachelor' seals of the frozen seas of Alaska.

R. H. FERRY.

PHILIP FOTHERGILL

'To act with faith and enthusiasm is the condition of acting greatly.'—

ADLAI E. STEVENSON

PHILIP FOTHERGILL was outstanding among the Liberal leaders who emerged in Britain during the last two years of the Second World War. He belonged to that well-established tradition of North Country Liberalism which combines zest for public service and sympathy for the underdog with the dourness conventionally ascribed (and with reason) to the successful West Riding business man. The continuance of his early successes as a Dewsbury woollen manufacturer and merchant assured the continuity of his political service: for that he was always thankful. The old Nonconformist fire burned within him. A Congregationalist, member of the communion of Cromwell, he busied himself in his last years with the vexed problem of improving the stipends of the Congregational Ministry which had suffered grievously from the ravages of nearly 20 years of inflation. He believed as firmly as did many Liberal forebears of half a century ago in the impregnability of the doctrine and practice of total abstinence; yet he never sought, either as a host or in broader contexts, to coerce others into their acceptance. As a leader of the British temperance movement and President, from 1952 onwards, of the United Kingdom Alliance, he conducted campaigns against drunkenness among teenagers and among motorists with a deft skill and compelling urgency which won acclamation from thousands who would never subscribe to his beliefs in their fulness.

When Fothergill came to the fore in our national politics, Liberalism and liberty were at a low ebb in Britain and throughout the Continent of Europe. He responded exuberantly to the challenge of battle, yet he was wonderfully patient with those brethren who devote more energy to perfecting the liberalism of others than to engaging the enemy. He held in turn all the principal offices in the Liberal Party Organisation—Chairmanship during the three extraordinarily difficult years from 1946 to 1949, Presidency, then Chairmanship again, Vice-Presidency and, since 1954, Joint Honorary Treasurership. This array of posts furnished him throughout 13 years with that ready-made platform which was the prerequisite of his political service. A keen student of techniques of mass communication, he made the most of every platform performance and thus came to great

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skill and expertise and influence. Knowing the media which suited his talents, he rejected the notion that much of the time and vigour so freely deployed in correspondence and in the concoction of public speeches might be more usefully devoted to the writing of books and articles. In his own case he was doubtless right, and the process paid striking dividends in press coverage. He was once told that an oration of his was a Whig speech couched in Radical language. "That's very clever and discerning of you," he rejoined, "but please don't repeat it too often." There was substance in that comment, for if a devotion to civic liberty be the hallmark of the Whig, the best Whigs make the best Radicals. Fothergill put liberty first. His speeches on our civic liberties and on the case for the free market were impressive and memorable.

His foremost aspiration, a seat in Parliament leading in due course to another in a Cabinet, remained unfulfilled. First Forfarshire and later Middlesbrough West and Oldham West decisively rejected him at the polls. He would have done well as a Parliament-man. What a difference it would have made to the gospel of Liberalism and to the life of the House if, beside Mr. Clement Davies and his small cohort, a complement of eight or ten more Liberals had been returned to the Parliament of February, 1950! Among the defeated, the names of such very different personalities as Philip Fothergill, Andrew McFadyean, David Goldblatt, Frank Byers, Heather Harvey, Roger Fulford, Edward Martell, Alan Campbell-Johnson and the late Harry ("Identity Card") Willcock leap to mind. What a debating force could have been fashioned from their variegated talents! But that was not to be. Philip was not, however, the man to admit to frustration. He was presiding every weekend over the deliberations of the eight architects of the Radical Programme which rallied the Liberal Party after its electoral nadir year (1951) and secured ratification at an Assembly at Hastings. Twelve months later, at Ilfracombe, he was urging Liberal workers to concentrate their propaganda upon the Six Points of this Radical Programme: World Authority for Peace, Commonwealth Partnership, Free Trade, Ownership for All, Welfare in an Expanding Economy, and Liberty in a True Democracy. "Heaven forbid that an exclusive specialist group should ever gain the upper hand in our party," quoth he, "I put my faith in the general practitioner." That phrase neatly depicted his general approach. By 1955 and 1956 his labours were beginning to bear fruit. New trends in politics gave him enormous satisfaction; he rejoiced in the advances under Mr. Grimond's leadership.

Long ago, before the Great Depression, during the years when he had been fervently campaigning for the National League of Young Liberals and building the Yorkshire textile company which bore his name, Philip Fothergill had made industrial economics and industrial sociology his special study. In recent years the question of Africa and her political adulthood fired his imagination. He became a moving spirit on the Africa Bureau Executive, one of whose spokesmen, the Rev. Michael Scott, has revealed in the *Times* that Fothergill was planning a visit to the British Protectorates in Southern Africa, now under continuous fire from the apartheid leaders whose domain all but engulfs them. In him the cause

of the Khamas in Bechuanaland and of the Central African opposition to coercive federation could boast a just and eloquent champion and a loyal and faithful friend. Fothergill had long recognised that organised British Liberalism must make its own specific contribution to the contemporary problems of Africa. Congregationalism, Liberalism, temperance, and Africa were the four pillars of his life and service. Simultaneously, his interests embraced the Hansard Society, the Joseph Rowntree Social Service Trust, the *British Weekly*, and that fine old West Riding newspaper, the *Dewsbury Reporter*, which achieved its first centenary last year.

Gaiety, gallantry, purposefulness and a fidelity allied to briskness of utterance were among the dominant and distinctive qualities of Philip Fothergill. His joyous martial spirit was everywhere infectious. Verily was he the Happy Warrior:

He fixes good on good alone, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows;
Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim

His passing at the age of 52 is a grievous loss, tragic alike for Liberalism and for the nation. He was dearly loved and is sadly mourned. The memory and achievement of Philip Fothergill will live on in a political revival richly and copiously endowed by his gifts of mind and character. We shall not forget him.

DERYCK ABEL.

RAILWAY TUNNELS

TUNNELS have been driven by mankind, through mountains, and over rivers, since very early days. Thousands of years ago slaves were employed in the construction of a tunnel under the Euphrates to connect the Royal Palace with the Temple of Jupiter. The early Greeks built a mile long tunnel on the island of Samos, in the Aegean Sea, almost seven hundred years before the birth of Christ. It was cut through limestone and rock with hand-hammers and chisels—a remarkable achievement indeed. One thousand years later gunpowder was first employed in subterranean mine workings in France. In 1826 Stephenson built his first English railway tunnel on the Liverpool-Manchester line. In the same year French engineers constructed their first railway tunnel—the Terrenoir tunnel near St. Etienne. Since those far off days, when railway engineering was in its infancy, methods of tunnelling have improved manifold—the length of tunnels has increased considerably, too. Switzerland, by nature of its mountainous countryside is the railway tunnel expert's happy hunting ground. This tiny country in Central Europe not only possesses three of the six longest railway tunnels in Europe, but also boasts the distinction of having the greatest number of tunnels in proportion to the total length of its railway network. On its 3,536 miles 662 tunnels are more than

1,000 feet in length. The Swiss Simplon tunnel—12 miles and 257 yards in length—is the world's longest. One enters the twin tunnel on Swiss soil, at one end, and emerges in Italy on the other. The first of the two parallel running tunnels was opened in 1905, its "twin" was opened to traffic some 16 years later. Four thousand men were employed in the 1905 section and blasted away no less than 1,250,000 cubic yards of solid rock with the aid of 1,350 tons of dynamite put into 4 million holes, and fired by 3,290 miles of fuse. The other two Swiss tunnels which are amongst Europe's six longest are the St. Gotthard and the Loetschberg. Austria, Italy and France respectively drove the other three. The Gotthard railway provides a direct link across the Alps between Northern and Southern Europe, and few other lines in Europe can boast so fine a combination of scenic beauty and technical ingenuity. It is on this line that the St. Gotthard tunnel, opened to traffic in 1882, is situated, along with a multitude of other, shorter tunnels. The 9 miles and 562 yards journey through it takes roughly speaking 12 minutes. The Swiss have shown great skill in driving their tunnels. The 9 miles and 140 yards long Loetschberg tunnel, for example, has three curves in it and does not run in a straight line. Yet, when workers, pressing ahead from both ends, ultimately met in the bowels of the Alps, the two sections were only a few inches out, both horizontally and vertically.

Italy's Apennine tunnel is 4,254 feet shorter than the Simplon and the second longest in Europe. At the time of building it cost £17,000,000 and boasts an underground station. Precedenza station consists of two single track tunnels, each about 1,970 feet in length. These run parallel to the main tunnel and are connected with it. Their use is primarily for "side-tracking" goods trains to permit the passing of fast express trains. One thousand eight hundred steps lead down to this unique station, 1,400 feet below ground. The sixth longest railway tunnel in Europe is the Mont Cenis between France and Italy. It is 8 miles and 868 yards in length and was opened to traffic in 1871. This tunnel is remarkable for the fact that it was at first drilled by hand, and without the aid of explosives. Dynamite had as yet not been discovered, but a special rock-drill, forerunner to today's compressed air drill, was ultimately developed. Even then the project took 14 years to complete and was one of the major engineering feats of the time.

In the last quarter of the 19th century two remarkable railway tunnels were built in Great Britain. Both of these, the Severn and the Mersey tunnels, were driven under water—the former beneath the sea from New Passage to Portskewett is $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length. As many as 3,000 were employed in the Severn tunnel project, and, in all, some 76,400,000 bricks were used in its construction. Today, still, the Severn tunnel is the world's longest underwater tunnel, its pumps removing 20,000,000 gallons of water per day. Strangely enough, most of the water encountered while driving the tunnel came from underwater springs. The submarine portion of the tunnel passes through hard rock and gave relatively little trouble.

The underground railways of the world's leading cities are really city transport systems. If their tunnels were considered true railway tunnels,

there would be quite a few amongst them to surpass Switzerland's Simplon tunnel. One tunnel on the London Tube, between East Finchley and Morden, alone is over 17 miles in length. The cost of construction of the London Underground varied between $\frac{1}{4}$ and 1 million pounds per mile, certainly beat all tunnelling records. A tunnel from Folkestone to Cap Blanc Nez would total some 31 miles, if one includes a run of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles on either side of the Channel. Both Stephenson and Brunel, great railway engineers of their time, were enthusiastic about such a project in 1820, but its great cost plus military considerations have been the great deterrent over the years. It is estimated at present that a double-track railway tunnel from England to France, under the sea would cost £80,000,000. A combined road/railway tunnel would double this staggering figure.

In the Americas the highest tunnel is most certainly that on the Central Railroad of Peru, which cuts through the Andes at a height of 15,570 feet. The first railroad tunnel of the United States was the 900 feet Allegheny Portage Railroad tunnel. The Hoosac tunnel was, however, the first large scale tunnelling enterprise in America in which power drills and high explosives were used. The first passenger train passed through it from Boston to Troy, New York, in 1875. Although only $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, this tunnel took two and a half decades to complete as construction was periodically interrupted due to financial haggling. Today the United States longest tunnel is the New Cascade railway tunnel through the Rocky Mountains—it is $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length. Bridges are the antithesis of tunnels. The amount of work and energy which are invested in the former are there in broad daylight for everyone to appreciate. No so with tunnels. The work which has gone into the construction of tunnels, the difficulties which had to be surmounted are hidden from the eyes of the onlooker. Yet tunnels are remarkable feats of engineering—essential components of many railway systems the world over. They are certainly more than mere black holes in the sides of mountain ranges.

PETER HOLZ.

Johannesburg.

NOCTURNE

The suburb sleeps; I lie awake
 And tell the ticking beads of time:
 The streets are silent, shadows make
 A velvet shroud where houses seem
 To huddle closer. Just outside
 The owl's eye of the window, trees
 Loom, mystic suddenly, and wide
 Star-prickled skies are unknown seas.
 Unruffled, open to the earth,
 They wash the boundless shores of space
 And shower eternity's wild breath
 That falls like flowers on my face.

R. L. COOK

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

BLACK AND WHITE DILEMMA

Mr. Mason's book is the first to be issued under the auspices of the Institute of Race Relations, and deals with the relationship between white and black, conqueror and conquered, in Southern Rhodesia. The dilemma, which is that which confronts every conqueror, is not single but threefold: first, shall he maintain his position by force, earning thereby the hate of the conquered; or shall he aim at equality, which involves an immediate sacrifice of power? If, as a superior man must, he chooses the second alternative, how is he to convince his followers that it is the better? Lastly, and this applies particularly to this case, how can he, an Englishman, who throughout his history has valued freedom above all, now deny it to others? The same dilemma arises elsewhere, but is made especially pressing, especially explosive, in Southern Rhodesia by the presence of a large and increasing population of Europeans who have made their homes there. (The French in Algeria, the British in Kenya, are in a way similarly situated.) The book falls into three parts. Part I describes the African achievement before the arrival of the European. It was not on the whole an impressive one, unless we accept Mr. Mason's theory that Zimbabwe was built by African predecessors of the Mashona. Part II is the history of the occupation of Mashonaland by the British South Africa Company, the Matabele War and the subsequent rebellion. It was a tragic error to entrust conquest and administration to a commercial company. The parsimony and ineptitude of the British Government left no alternative, but the early history of Southern Rhodesia would have been happier if the task of occupation had been carried out by a Warren, a Johnston or a Lugard. Finally, Part III traces the situation as it is now, the white man, enterprising, efficient and by no means inhumane, but determined to hold his position, the black man consciously or unconsciously chafing under discriminatory practices and resentful of his disabilities. This problem of the relationship between highly organised nations of the West with the emergent people of Africa is of immense importance and is likely to be with us for a long time. Mr. Mason, examining its origin and nature in one country with insight and sympathy, makes his contribution towards a solution. It is pleasant to learn that this study will be followed by others which will deal with the later history of the Federation.

Imperialism has many faces and it may not be Professor Thornton's fault that one is often not quite sure, in spite of his careful definition, which aspect he is discussing at a particular time. He certainly seems in places to be thinking of attitudes that the ordinary man would not consider to be part of imperialism at all, such as, for instance, the spirit of Britain during the last war. Some of these attitudes, moreover, are not concerned with modern imperialism but are as old as the nation itself. Still, if we allow for these irrelevancies, a picture of an essential imperial idea does emerge, which, in spite of crudities and perversions, is not an ignoble one. Many factors have combined to weaken it, and of these not the least potent have been lassitude and disenchantment on the part of the British themselves; we are not on the whole a very imperialistic race. Professor Thornton's canvas is large and necessarily crowded and it requires concentration and persistence to take in the detail. But those who have those qualities will find the book stimulating, though they may not always agree with the author's opinions.

The last two books deal with a form of imperialism which surely has very few enemies, for if there is one thing on which all are agreed it is the responsibility of the richer nations to assist and stimulate the under-developed countries. Dr. Niculescu's comparative study ranges over no less than 70 different colonial dependencies and is a detailed yet compendious work of reference. Mr. Hance, in a series of clear, well-written papers, describes economic development in Africa and

in Madagascar with particular reference to some of the major projects now being carried out, and to the situation in selected countries.

A. SILLERY

The Birth of a Dilemma. By Philip Mason. Oxford University Press. 30s.

The Imperial Idea and its Enemies. By A. P. Thornton. Macmillan. 30s.

Colonial Planning. By Barbu Niculescu. George Allen and Unwin. 18s.

African Economic Development. By William A. Hance. Oxford University Press. 30s.

A PROPHET WITHOUT HOPE

Mr. Huxley has been rightly accredited with the soul of a poet and the mind of a scientist, a happy combination in this century when the gap between the two appears to have become an almost unbridgeable chasm. The brilliance of his restless intellect is a guarantee that whatever his subject he will never bore his readers, though he may, on occasion, frighten us. In *Brave New World Revisited* he looks back at his prophecies of 1931 and finds them coming true centuries sooner than he expected. He tells us nothing new in this dauntingly pessimistic essay but he compels us to face up to a situation that may, in terrible fact, have already passed the point of no return. There is but cold comfort in his suggestion that our future is more likely to correspond to his own hygienic and sterile invention than to the brutality of Orwell's Big Brother nightmare.

The point of no return may indeed have been reached with overpopulation, the first of the two forces against which his warnings are sounded here so forcefully as to suggest an underlying feeling of near despair. Every four years mankind increases its numbers by the equivalent of the present population of the United States. In 50 years the population of this already overcrowded and misused planet will have doubled. Unchecked this accelerating flood will engulf us all, whatever our politics or colour, first producing a state of permanent crisis in which a victory of dictatorship, probably Communist, becomes inevitable. We cannot, in fairness to Mr. Huxley and his brother, say that we have not been warned.

The second of the destructive agencies discussed in the book is nonrational propaganda and two-thirds of Mr. Huxley's space is devoted to a survey of modern techniques of thought manipulation, from brainwashing to high-pressure salesmanship, subliminal persuasion and chemical conditioning. Already there are indications that Western man is losing his taste for freedom, preferring the cosy fastness of a self-centred, government-regulated existence in which the face on the "telly" is the face of God, and man's only dreams are of gigantic wins on the pools. A recent article in *Gemini*, a universities' journal, deplores the sheeplike attitude of a large body of students at English universities. They regard their teachers as oracles, bow uncritically to their authority, and regard study as a rather tedious aid to bigger and better salaries. Mr. Huxley's attitude is sadly defeatist. One remembers a poem he published many years ago in which he wrote, "I crumble to impotent dust before the struggling." The only answers he can find come under the vague headings of Education for Freedom and, to control propaganda, Preventive Legislation. He puts them forward as a duty rather than as a hope but before we explode into criticism of a thinker who cannot provide panaceas for the ills he has diagnosed we need to ask whether we are ourselves any nearer discovering the means of man's salvation than the disillusioned and defeated Mr. Huxley.

Certainly readers of Professor Niebuhr's new collection of essays on the "Religious and Secular Dimensions of Modern Life" will look in vain for anything but a belief that mankind, with God's help, will somehow muddle through. The present religious revival in America is regarded with considerable scepticism by the Professor as being disturbingly naïve and simple, but there is an equally disturbing naïvety about his own approach to contemporary problems. He has nothing to say about Mr. Huxley's twin threats and his suggestion that we have already been "saved from the fate of the brave New World", implies either a massive retreat from present realities or, as is more likely, a confusion of Huxley's prophecy with

Orwell's. In the past Professor Niebuhr's writings have proved a challenge and an inspiration. It is disappointing to find him skirting unrealistically around the edges of the major facts of modern life, at a time when we so urgently need the guidance of men of his stature.

B. EVAN OWEN

Brave New World Revisited. By Aldous Huxley. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

The Godly and the Ungodly. By Reinhold Niebuhr. Faber. 21s.

BROADER HORIZONS

These two books concern the horizons of education, philosophy and politics. In *The Social Order of Tomorrow*, Archduke Otto pleads cogently for a federal Europe based upon the broader and fuller application of the principles of Christian society. He rightly rejects as obsolete and irrelevant the case for the absolute right of the sovereign nation-State. In him Count Richard Coudenhove-Kalergi, the prophet of Pan-Europa, has an apt pupil. The Archduke believes that the imperial crown of Charlemagne and the institution of electoral colleges, as in the Holy Roman Empire, might well play a part in the symbolism of the organic unity of Europe. In some particulars, he is curiously anti-Liberal, failing (like earlier Habsburgs) to appreciate the connection between Liberal emphasis on civic liberties and the Liberal principle of the Rule of Law. It must be pointed out that the Liberal preoccupation in 1789 and 1848 with rights (to the seeming exclusion of duties) was in part the product of the failure of the beneficiaries of the *ancien régime*, for example, many French nobles, to perform their duties. However, the Archduke shares current Liberal attitudes (cf. *The Unservile State*) towards the diffusion of power through the diffusion of personal ownerships and in such spheres as industrial relations, the expansionist economy, and monopoly-busting. He certainly wants to keep in their place the pressure-groups which have almost captured the machinery of the State. This book is also to be commended for its wholesome and spirited assertion of the primacy of the judicial function.

Can People Learn to Learn?: How to Know Each Other is an attractive and courageously unusual book. In it the Canadian doctor, General Brock Chisholm, applies the lessons of his labour of love as Director-General of the World Health Organisation. He invites us to imagine ourselves "free of the history of the place where we have happened to live, free of all preconceptions as to rights and wrongs, free of all certainties imposed on us when we were children, free of all loyalties to particular accidental and temporal patterns of living among which we happened to be brought up, but concerned only with the welfare of all individuals of the human race". He attacks the prejudices acquired very early in life and their restriction of a child's capacity to develop a free, healthy mentality. He indicts the taboos which stunt many a mind and destroy much of the vitality of a personality imposing upon it frustration, anxiety and guilt complexes. Such taboos are local, national, religious and parental. Surveying examples from thirteen nations, the book explains how they have all created barriers against one another, alike in language, culture and political institutions. Brock Chisholm tells us too what every child needs to learn about the world around him before he is 15 or 16 "in addition to whatever may be necessary to live effectively in each culture". This controversial essay is a notable contribution to the cause of education for world citizenship and to the attainment of that maturity which befits the new horizons. It ought to do a power of good.

DERYCK ABEL

The Social Order of Tomorrow. By Otto von Habsburg. Foreword by Christopher Hollis.

Translated by Ivo Jarosy. Oswald Wolff. 13s. 6d.

Can People Learn to Learn? By Brock Chisholm. World Perspectives Series, 14. George Allen and Unwin. 15s.

GALAXIES AND BOMBS

Bacon's "first vintage" begins interpretation through an effort by "the liberty of the understanding". Since "truth emerges more readily from error than con-

fusion" provisional interpretations may be stepping stones to increasing insight though, as Professor Lovell notes, a decisive experiment at one point usually leads to new doubts and difficulties. He notes in present interpretations of the universe two sets of theories: evolutionary and Steady-State. One of them presumes the complete creation of matter at a single, remote moment; the other presumes this creation to be continuous. The continuous creation notion makes a huge demand: several billion trillion tons of hydrogen must appear every second in the *observable* universe. Since the cosmos is vast, only a few hydrogen atoms invade each cubic mile *per annum*. The radio telescope, Professor Lovell suggests, may, before long, detect even this sparse intergalactic hydrogen. The colliding galaxies, deduced from certain radio waves, suggest a dire, though distant, fate for the solar system—including man. The new astronomical epoch inaugurated by "radio astronomy" stirs a more imminent fear. Earth satellites can now carry instruments to aid insight into the origin of the universe. These are launched by monster rockets. Military methods developed during the Second World War provided the astronomer with radio astronomy and earth satellites, as a by-product. The fate of human civilisation, Professor Lovell warns us, depends on the load of the future rocket—"astronomer's telescope or a hydrogen bomb".

The Devil's Repertoire stirs horror at the increase of destructive power since the "tiny bomb was dropped on Hiroshima". It describes some evils, such as Radiation Disease, wrought by this relatively "promising start". At the moment the horrific process culminates in the cobalt bomb that enormously multiplies radioactive destructiveness by wrapping the H-bomb in a shell of cobalt. The survey includes estimates of the great death-rolls involved in a nuclear war. The Reith Lectures display insights into the nature and origin of the universe. They disclose an almost incredibly vast *observable* cosmos. Beyond this, apparently, even the radio telescope cannot probe. They discuss essayed interpretations that may lead from ordered data to new insights.

Its costly instruments make astronomy specially vulnerable to well-waged nuclear war. Thus the destructive bomb menaces attempts to understand the universe. It also menaces the whole range of human values. Mr. Gollancz displays the horror of this minatory sweep. Music suggests, or is associated with, a range of experience in which "Thought was not: in enjoyment it expired". The Marxist Elizabeth Pilenko, becoming the Christian Mother Maria, takes the place of a hysterical girl lined up by the Gestapo. These and other values may be swept away if the deadly bombs are not. Mr. Gollancz urges unilateral disarmament. All nations who have the bombs, he explains, should abandon them, and make no more. Nations who have none should never make any. Nuclear establishments for peaceful purposes are needed. These should be pledged against military uses, and inspected to guard the pledge. A morally sound climate of opinion should be assiduously fostered into a final safeguard. Unfortunately, the "unilateral" suggests a peck of troubles.

Bertrand Russell appeals to the common sense of all men, whatever their race or beliefs. He explains how "likelihood of war" lurks in present policies. He surveys the probable devastation wrought by actual nuclear war. The risk of a minor war becoming nuclear demands an end to *all* wars. Steps towards peace include abolition of nuclear tests, international understandings, agreed disarmament, effective inspection, a small Conciliation Committee, and an International Authority—without the veto. Difficulties are recognised and faced. Appendix I discusses the troublesome "unilateral".

JOSHUA C. GREGORY

The Individual and the Universe, B.B.C. Reith Lectures, 1958. By A. C. B. Lovell. Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.

The Devil's Repertoire. By Victor Gollancz. Gollancz. Cloth. 10s. 6d., Paper 5s.

Common Sense and Nuclear Warfare. By Bertrand Russell. George Allen and Unwin. Cloth 7s. 6d., Paper 3s. 6d.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

IN *QUEEN VICTORIA AT WINDSOR AND BALMORAL* (George Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.) James Pope-Hennessy has compiled the charming letters that Princess Victoria of Prussia wrote home when she came to stay with her grandmother in the hot June days of 1889, and the authentic aura is enmeshed in Lynton Lamb's scattered drawings of stately home or cluttered room. At 23, naturally skittish and pleasure-loving, worried about matrimonial prospects—after the collapse of her romantic dream of a Battenburg and now when her hopes “of the sailor boy (the Grand Duke Alexander) are gone for nothing”—Vicky yet seems to have achieved a real companionship with the Grandmama of 70 whose affection and kind-hearted plans for amusement and interest shine through the daily reports to Germany. Another aid to solace and increase of enjoyment was the young woman's vivid delight in the beauty of the English and Scottish countryside.

Rebel on Horseback

Sixty years before, *RURAL RIDES* (Macdonald Classics. 12s. 6d.) begun in a Kensington lane, took William Cobbett through the southern counties and ended where “the Wen and its villainous corruptions” encroached. This man whose Tory sense of tradition could not quieten his Radical urge for reform has a special message for today: “Who can say” asks E. W. Martin, the editor of this welcome and handsome edition with the Gillray cartoons, “but that in the future we may come again to see the need for balance between town and country, manufacture and agriculture . . . ?”

The four are investigated, mapped and illustrated in *BRITAIN 1959* (H.M. Stationery Office. 21s., prepared by the Central Office of Information) along with government, social welfare, the churches, science, art, transport, finance, the press, and a hundred other pattern-pieces of these crowded islands. Thirty double-columned pages of index testify to the variety of the whole, and brows-

ings through the text to how readable a reference work on public affairs may be.

Dedicated Men

The readability of Sir Winston Churchill's six-volumed history is not a whit diminished in the abridged edition *THE SECOND WORLD WAR* (Cassell. 35s.). In fact, detail that is irksome to the unmilitary mind is omitted and a new epilogue on the years 1945 to 1957 stimulative included. American, Asian, African and United Nations events are rallied for inspection and, holding “strongly to the belief that we have not tried in vain,” he sounds a note well above despair.

To outpace the paralysing fears and hates, the heat and deadly cold of world politics, comes a man like Wu Lien-Teh who went to North Manchuria in 1910 armed with a microscope against the two-thousand-mile track of pneumonic Black Death that killed over 60,000 people. *PLAGUE FIGHTER* (Heffer. 30s.), the autobiography of this physician and scientist, tells of struggles against ignorance and superstition and of the battles won by hygiene and bacteriology. It tells too of schooldays in Penang, of Cambridge to a Queen's Scholar over 60 years ago and of hospital training at St. Mary's, Paddington (in whose back streets ignorance and superstition were also rife), of travels in Europe and research in Malaya, of high medical authority in Peking, of hospital building and anti-cholera campaigns, of honoured office in the Imperial and Republican Governments. Wisdom pervades this long and factual account, and not unnaturally its final chapter treats of contentment.

Pioneer Thinking

“So far from being cheerfully content with the surface of things, I am a restless searcher below surfaces” said Havelock Ellis, a chance remark whose utter truth seems to be guaranteed by his monumental *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*. His biography *AN ARTIST OF LIFE* (Cassell. 25s.) is by John Stewart

Collis, who seeks not to explain Ellis but to present him as a tree with massive trunk putting forth branches in every direction. It is an impressive growth, of a young schoolmaster in the Australian bush returning to England to become a doctor and include sociology, philosophy, science and the arts. If H. L. Mencken found the extent of his knowledge "appalling", Mr. Collis owns that it is incomprehensible and rues that his friend and mentor failed to impart "anything about his methods of work."

Larger Than Life

Methods of work did not figure in the timetable of the *Fortnightly's* newly-appointed editor, bellowing for a whisky and soda and then for "that fellow Wells"—who arrived in trepidation and a top hat cleaned with water. FRANK HARRIS (*Cassell*. 25s.) is Vincent Brome's study of an incredible character, dandy, bluffer into stately circles, indecorous scoffer at conventional niceties, incurable liar, a magnificent journalist with a sure recognition for greatness in the written word, his own or others, an actor of genius turned aside from his proper calling. Everyone came under the rascal's spell, if only temporarily, and many stayed faithful. Even his years were prodigious; if but half of the assertions about his "Life and Loves" were true, he should have died young of excess. The "brawls, arguments and quarrels" round his name ceased with his death in 1931 and, hearing their echoes now, one puts down Mr. Brome's book half-fascinated, half-repelled—which was presumably his intention in baring the skeleton.

Ruthless Reformer

Another larger than life figure is resurrected in *PETER THE GREAT* (*Macmillan*. 36s.) by Vasili Klyuchevsky, from whose history of Russia published in Moscow this volume has been extracted, translated and edited by Liliana Archibald. Peter's revolutionary ideas for his navy and army included sending young Russians abroad to study mathematics and the natural sciences.

He introduced foreign jurists and specialists in administration and finance to his backward subjects. Engineering skills were learned and factories, workshops and schools erected by the man who is reputed to have said: "We need Europe for a few decades; later on we must turn our back on it". Competent and cruel, despotic and civilised, he demanded a continuing serfdom which would act responsibly; the paradox was not resolved for another two centuries.

The visit of Peter "the Czar of Muscovy" to London in 1698 is described in *BRITAIN'S DISCOVERY OF RUSSIA 1553-1815* (*Macmillan*. 30s.) by M. S. Anderson. Until the first ambassador passed in procession through the streets early in the reign of Elizabeth I most Londoners had never set eyes on a Russian and knew or cared nothing about his country. Public interest here was slow in growth after Peter so "furiously" changed Russia's European position. Horizons widened with the waging of the Napoleonic wars, and trade and balance of power as ever were the motives of friendship or enmity; the idea that Russia was a natural ally to Britain became less popular in the 1790's. Developments after 1815 are easier to appraise against the historical background that Dr. Anderson so expertly provides, and Anglo-Russian relations in these days should be and indeed must be studied in the light thrown from his soundly-based conclusions.

Laborioso

Elizabeth the First thought it would be easy to learn Russian—an amiable delusion. Another one is induced by the intoxication of the music in the language that Dante spoke. All who limp will find a stout prop between visits (its capaciousness irks a suitcase) in *CASELL'S ITALIAN DICTIONARY* (30s.). Its Italian-English-Italian comprehensiveness is as the Preface modestly suggests "a contribution in the rich and noble world of Anglo-Italian intellectual relations".

GRACE BANYARD



Photo by Courtesy 'Sunday Times'

The Rt. Hon. LORD HAILSHAM, Q.C. APPEALS FOR CANCER RESEARCH

LORD HAILSHAM writes: "The Imperial Cancer Research Fund, which is under the highest medical and scientific direction, is continually engaged in the work of Cancer Research in its own modern laboratories. The work is now to be still further increased in new laboratories at Lincoln's Inn Fields. Very heavy expenditure is involved, and help is urgently needed from generous-hearted people to meet the cost. I hope, therefore, that the appeal may evoke a most generous response."

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